

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

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MEETA.

BY ELLA LATROBE.

"SO Meeta does not like a 'fuss,' as she calls it. What do little girls like her know about fusses? And where did she pick up such a word as that?"

"Why, Biddy says there is nothing but fuss when people are going to be married. And she don't like a fuss. And Meeta don't."

"And would you like sister Anna not to be married, and have her stay at home with you?"

"Yes," said Meeta, throwing her arms round Anna's neck. "Yes, forever, and ever, and ever!"

"Why, that's a long time to put off a wedding. You wont say so when your turn comes."

"But I wont be married—no, never, and never, and never! If anybody asks me—I'll—I'll strike him!" And very furiously little Meeta struck out at the imaginary offender, and her face was flushed, and her eyes flashed. Anna was sad, but amused, in spite of her pre-occupation of mind (for we suppose a young lady's mind must be busy on the day before the wedding; and she *must* be sad, too, however much she hopes).

"Strike him! That would be naughty."

"No, I shall be grown up then, and grown-up people can do what they like, and nobody says 'naughty girl, naughty girl,' to them, as Biddy does to me."

Meeta was a young lady of five years old. Anna, her sister, was a bride elect of twenty. And Meeta seriously and entirely disapproved of the proposed arrangement. We should like once to see the match which everybody endorsed without demur or doubting. Biddy said it made a fuss in the house. And Meeta said so, too. And everybody else was of the same opinion, whether they openly declared it or not. Even Anna, the principal figure in the scene, was quite as much fatigued and anxious as she was hopeful. If she had held

an enchanter's wand, and could have restored all things to the condition in which they stood, before the stranger came in, between parents and child, and brothers and sisters, and audaciously claimed to be more than all, and moreover had his presumption countenanced, and his claim allowed—if, we say, Anna could have effaced all this with a word, we are very much afraid she would have done it. For little Meeta, thoughtful beyond her years, selfish, impulsive, and exacting, clung around her neck, and said between her sobs, "I never will be married and go away from *my* father, and mother, and home, and little sister—never, and never, and never!"

The hour for Meeta's retiring had come, and Biddy demanded her prisoner. There was, in the manner in which the demand was met, loud evidence that other things besides marriage make a "fuss" in the house. Meeta was forced to submit. So, I suppose, young ladies submit to marriage under compulsion.

Anna was left alone in the twilight to think it all over. For all the rest of the household were out, busy elsewhere in the house, attending to the "last things," which *will* be last, however much prudent housekeepers look out in season. Weddings do not come in a household every day, and the occasion must be signalized, although unsympathizing maidens like nurse Biddy (she had been crossed in love, poor thing) pronounce it all a "fuss."

The sun arose the next morning with the same grand complacency of power that he always does, notwithstanding it was Anna's wedding-day. There was not a twinkle extraordinary in his beams, or the hiding of a ray of his light, though matters so momentous to all concerned were forward in Anna's home. The whole house was astir betimes, from Betty in the kitchen to Bridget in the nursery;

bridesmaids' came early, and the members of the family came home; and everything, from basement to attic, betokened the busy preparation which Bridget characterized by that ugly, half spiteful little word. Anna had cried her face red, and thought it pale again, before her friends came in to deck her in that attire which never goes on over such a palpitating heart again. Meeta, in the nursery, was uncommonly cross, while Bridget arrayed her. Father, in his dressing-room, had a narrow escape from a serious gash with his razor; for his thoughts ran back to the day of his own marriage. Retrospection is not safe when you are removing a stiff beard, however proper and salutary it may be on other occasions. All the while, the sun shone on, the world moved on, and the hucksters cried oysters and lemons in the streets, just as if nobody were going to be married! It would diminish our ideas of our own consequence very much, if we would consider how little difference our grand occasions make, either to the solar system, or to the earth itself, "and all that it inherits."

The last pin on the bride was pinned; the last brush on the bridegroom was brushed; and the party walked in and arranged themselves. Meeta listened with all her ears, and looked with all her eyes. A wonderful thing—strange and incomprehensible—does marriage seem to thoughtful children. They do not understand it. If they did, they would be wiser, many times, than the bride and groom.

Meeta stared at the veils, and the white dresses, and the dress-coats, and the white waistcoats, and the clergyman, and the company, generally. She heard the few, but pithy and solemn words of the ceremony. She felt the hush and awe that were upon everybody; and if she had not caught sight of Biddy, who stood in the door with uplifted finger, watching her, she would have broken out into a cry. She choked down her emotion, and looked patiently for an indefinite continuance of what to her was a terribly solemn thing. But, while she waited for more words, and more ceremony, it was all over. The minister slipped out to disrobe, the people fell to laughing, chatting, joking, kissing and congratulations. Little Meeta, astonished at such a sudden change of performance did not know whether to laugh or to cry; since the mothers of the couple were sobbing, and the fathers were talking to each other in a husky voice; while Anna stood, tearful and radiant, with a tasteful bouquet in hand receiving the compliments of her friends. Then the child, concluding that the danger

must have been averted, rushed up to Anna, and said—"So you are *not* married, after all!" She could interpret the sudden change in no other way.

Anna fondled her, and said—"I am afraid I am, little sister."

And then they adjourned to breakfast. Meeta liked that well enough. It seemed as if the breakfast must be the climax, for which all this preparation was made. But what was the need of it all? Why could they not have breakfasted without the dresses, and the ring, and the clergyman? And what was the need of two breakfasts in one day? For, she had eaten hers hours ago. And if this was breakfast, where would the dinner come in?

Presently Anna disappeared, and returned after awhile in travelling dress and hat. And the carriages came to the door, the great trunks were piled on behind, and Anna, having kissed Meeta good-by, was handed into one of the coaches, and it rolled away. Leaves were taken, the guests dropped off, all but an old lady or two; and they sat down with her mother, and tried to be cheerful in a spasmodic sort of a way.

The parlors looked lonely and gloomy. The hot-house flowers began to droop. The apartment smelt winey, and the smell is anything but pleasant when the blush is off. Meeta walked round the table, and thought how naughty *she* would be, if she had left those crumbs, and half slices of cake, and spotted the cloth so, with wine and jelly. Her head ached. And no wonder. Her little stomach was over-full of strange, rich things, and she was completely disgusted with the whole performance. She stumbled over a foot-stool, bruised her little pate, which ached badly enough before, and cried for Bridget. But Bridget was too full of business to heed the child on this day of "fuss." So she only set her on her feet again, and hurried away. One of the old ladies charitably took her up, and Meeta sobbed herself to sleep. She dreamed that somebody was pursuing her to marry her, and awoke in terror.

When she opened her eyes, the fragments of the feast were cleared away. The late scene of festivity was a solitude. There was an effort at dinner. But nobody seemed to care anything about it, any more than Meeta did. And she made no word of remonstrance when Bridget came to claim her prize; she was glad to go. "It was a fuss," she said, as Bridget tucked her in her little crib; and she fell sound asleep, dreamed about nothing, and awakened in the morning as good as new.

But Meeta found the house very lonely, with no sister Anna in it. However, there are compensations in this world, even to children. There came a lad to spend the day with her—on the wise plan that friends and neighbors have, who make one house hold the children of two families, to give the parents in one a day's release. The two children discussed the wedding. Meeta, as we have seen, was sensitive. Jack was a philosopher. Meeta had a huge and sorrowful contempt for the whole thing. But Jack said "it was jolly." Meeta submitted that he would not think so if he had lost a sister by it.

"Oh," said Jack, "I've lost three. Two are married, and one is dead. And that is a great deal worse, you know."

Meeta did not know. She had never seen death. But she had seen a wedding. She had seen her sister go away; and she had seen her mother cry; and Bridget said it was a fuss, and Meeta thought so, too. There was another sister of Meeta's, and there was also a brother married and away. But marriage seemed to her their normal condition. For aught she knew they were born married, and had never lived at home. For Anna to marry and go away, was, in Meeta's eyes, the height of unfeeling unkindness. She said so, in her way, for, she declared, "it was mean!"

"People must get married, you see," said Master Jack.

Meeta did not see it, then.

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Pass we over ten years, and we find Meeta still a child in some aspects; in others, older than her age. Nothing very particular happened to her in those years—nothing that does not happen to almost every little girl, who becomes an aunt, by virtue of an elder sister's marriage. She opened her little eyes wide, at the first real, live baby in sister Anna's house. But the wonder ceased as more babies intruded themselves upon her notice, and she herself grew older.

The shadow of the wedding was a long time in passing off. Perhaps it never quite did. Now, however, the sense of real sorrow came to her. First Anna's husband died. Meeta had almost learned to forgive him; and she quite sorrowed for him when he passed away. She was more grieved for Anna; and yet, she thought that the loss would be made up to her sister, since now she could come home. She did come home. But it was only to die.

In the same parlor where the marriage ceremony was said, was read the burial-service.

And the same clergyman's voice sounded in solemn tones in her ears. The rooms were darkened now; and they sat a long time in the chill gloom before the service was commenced. Meeta's eyes grew accustomed to the dim light; and wandered from person to person, singling each friend out (children have better memories than their elders are aware), and thinking—such and such a one was at the wedding. That lady in black—she was in white, then—spilled the wine on her dress. And that other one tripped over her own train. And there—there is Mr. Bruce—we called him Jack at that time; he said he had lost three sisters—and one of them was dead—and death was worse than marriage—and, oh, dear, so it is! Meeta fell into a passionate fit of weeping; and the clergyman, feeling that the torture of silence had been already too far prolonged, broke the stillness with the solemn words—"I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord."

Meeta did not know what else was said. She heard the voice, but could distinguish no words. She heard the bustle and stir which she knew was the removal from that house of all that remained of her sister Anna, to return no more. She rose to pass to her own room, and bury her grief in the pillows which Anna's head and hers had pressed together. At the door she faltered. A strong hand caught her arm, and supported her through the passage. She looked up, thinking to see her father's face, or her brother's; and met the kind, confident look of her young friend, Mr. Bruce. He had the calm aspect of protection; she answered unconsciously and artlessly with the acknowledgment of gratitude. When we are grieved and sad we have not thought or time for the conventional hypocries of life; and our eyes betray us, whether we will or not.

Brief time was left her for the selfishness of solitary grief. She heard a cry which she had learned well to know. She hurried away to seek what should aile her little namesake, Meeta. For Anna had brought her children home, to take her place; and the last and least of them was named for our Meeta.

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Again pass we over a few years. Meeta number two was toying with the curls of Meeta number one. The younger was now about the age that the elder was when first we met her. And the elder was about the age that Anna was, when she almost broke her little sister's heart. Meeta junior was cross-questioning Meeta senior; prompted thereto, no doubt, by having

overheard the ever-green Bridget saying things which are not meant for children to hear; but which they always do hear, nevertheless. And they always make their own comments, and draw their own deductions. The ancient maiden, who had remained the faithful nurse of another generation, entered to claim her prisoner, as she had claimed her aunt of yore.

But little Meeta was not disposed to go until big Meeta had answered, in words, the saucy questions which she had already answered in blushes, if you could have seen them in the twilight.

"What is it all about?" said Bridget.

"Another 'fuss,' I suppose," said Meeta, senior, smiling. Meeta's wise sayings in infancy had passed into household words.

"Humph!" said Bridget. "Let a boy, six weeks old, be brought into a house where there's girls, and he'll take root, like Canada thistles, and you'll never get him out. I hope you did not *strike him*, Miss Meeta; and I suppose that even *you* can see, now, that people must be married!"

Meeta only laughed, not *quite* a joyous laugh, in answer. But why need we say any more? It is the same old story, and always will be repeated. No sorrow, no danger, no protests of little children, or of ancient maidens, will ever stop marriageable young people from trying the great problem of life for themselves.

Bridget was ubiquitous at the new "fuss," as at all the old ones. And the same things were said and done; only the new Meeta was not so sensitive and strange as her aunt was, at her age. It was just as well for the child. She had her own fancies, as all children have, however. There is a world of speculation in their young heads, which colors all their life afterwards, though usually without their suspecting it. Many a laughing, and many a serious thought of yours and mine, dear reader, is the fruit of a seed hidden long ago, and growing while we have slept, and when we have awakened.

THE simplicity of children often leads them into impertinences which seem quite shocking, but in which they are nevertheless innocent. A little Norwegian girl in a mission school in Chicago, when the time came for repeating the Bible verses, rose, and rattled off with—

"I had a 'tittle hobby-horth,
'Ith name wath dapple dray,
'Ith head wath made of dinderbread,
And 'ith tail wath made of hay."

A REFRAIN.

BY MARY E. COMSTOCK.

OH, the pities under the sun!
Count them, count them, one by one;
Sands on the sea-shore, drops on the sea,
Count them over and tell to me!

Wants of the spirit; needs of heart;
Cramped endeavor; rude check's smart;
Limits of circumstance; failure's pain;
Fruitless efforts to do again.

Hearts that crave a blossom, but one;
Lavish bloom that wastes unknown,
And words, poor heart, which might have been
said—

Words that froze on lips of the dead.

Oh, the pities under the sun!
Count them, count them, one by one;
Sands on the sea-shore, drops in the sea,
Count them over and tell to me!

Oh, these pities under the sun
Yet shall blossom one, by one,
In sun of God's love, in day of His power!
Clasp the thought to you, hour by hour.

Mercies of love shall bud and bloom;
Hearts shall cry for larger room;
Blossoms shall spring from bitterest thorn
To bloom for age in eternal morn.

All are counted; known are they all;
Deem we great or deem we small,
Felt of God is humanity's pain,
Nor lives one single grief in vain.

Oh, the mercies under the sun!
Yet to blossom, one by one!
Sands on the sea-shore, drops in the sea,
Count them over and tell to me!

A BEAUTIFUL MAXIM.

I LIVE for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the Heaven that shines above me,
And awaits my coming, too;
For the cause that needs assistance,
For the wrongs that lack resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

THE BEST HE KNEW.—"Charlie, I was very much shocked to hear you singing 'Pop goes the Weazel,' in church."

"Well, mamma, I saw everybody was singing—and it was the only tune I knew."

PHILIP, OF MOUNT HOPE.

BY C.

A FEW days previous to the commencement of the distressing war of 1675, which brought almost unparalleled suffering to the people of New England, and ended in the destruction of Philip and his warlike tribe, this chief assembled his warriors at Mount Hope, under pretence of attending a feast; but his true object was to consult them about the impending war, and to remind them of their allegiance. Philip, arrayed in his royal dress, which consisted of a red blanket, confined at the waist by a broad belt, curiously wrought with wampum of divers colors, in various figures of birds and flowers, from which depended two horns of glazed powder; a similar belt enriched his head, to which were attached two flags, which waved behind him, and on his neck he wore another belt reaching to his breast, ornamented with a brilliant star.

Dressed in this manner, he proceeded to a field, surrounded by a thick forest, and seating himself, he waited with patience the arrival of his guests. He soon saw Agawon approaching alone; but knowing his decisive aversion to a war, he felt inclined not to discuss the subject with his captain, unless in the presence of others.

Philip cordially extended his hand, saying—"My brother is come to sup with me."

"Agawon is come," he answered, gravely, seating himself near the king.

Philip's haughty spirit was offended by the manner of his favorite, and he said—"I believe Agawon has fled from a foe."

Thus provoked in his turn, Agawon's Indian notions of dignity would not allow him to betray his real feelings, and he calmly replied—"Agawon is not a coward. He never fled from friend or foe. Philip made him his captain."

The cunning Philip answered—"My brother Agawon is a great warrior. He has been very brave in battle. He is the foe of the English. He will take their scalps, and burn their wigwams."

But Agawon shook his head doubtfully, as he said—"It is true that your captain is no friend to the white people. He will fight them, but they are many. The great Spirit is angry with us, and our young men will be slain."

"If Agawon is afraid, let him go away with the children and squaws," retorted Philip.

"He is not afraid to die in battle, but he will never be taken alive by the English."

"Agawon speaks like himself. We will drive the white dogs from the face of the earth," said Philip, exultingly.

"Will King Philip say this when their arrows pierce his breast? They will take away his wife and his children. They will live in the houses of his fathers."

The stern warrior wept at this picture of desolation, but his proud spirit would not retract, and he answered—"The English have slain your young men. They have sent them to the happy hunting-grounds unprepared for the chase. They are in the land of my fathers. Philip has made many brave men; they will follow their king to the battle."

The decided tone in which this sentence was uttered, prevented further remonstrance on the part of Agawon; and seeing a host of warriors approaching, he only said as he rose—"Agawon is Philip's warrior."

The feast was in true Indian style, the food being placed on the grass, without any of the appendages of civilized life. The feast being ended, the war-dance and song succeeded. Then the wily Philip rose to talk with his guests; he told them of the injuries they had sustained from their white neighbors, and represented the advantages they would derive from possessing the territory of the English, and the glory they would acquire. He did not even hint at the possibility of being vanquished. His address was attended with appropriate gestures, and when at the close he said, "The voice of King Philip is for war," war was unanimously decided upon.

The lofty spirit of Philip was true to his resolution. No misfortune could compel him to accede to terms of peace, and his hatred to the colonists ended only with his life. He was shot by the brother of an Indian that had been killed by him for proposing submission. His warriors were cut off, his chief men killed, his wife and family taken prisoners, and the remnant of his followers submitted to the English. The father of Philip was ever the friend of the whites.

DELAFIELD, WIS.

A NEW SERIES OF TEMPERANCE STORIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR ROOM."

NUMBER IV.

A CRIPPLE FOR LIFE.

"HAVE you noticed that poor little fellow on crutches at the white house in Marion street?" said one of three ladies who were spending an afternoon together.

"Yes, and it was just in my thought to speak of him," was answered. "I noticed the child yesterday. What a sweet, patient face he has! He can't be more than ten years old."

"And a cripple for life!" said the third lady.

Her two friends turned their eyes upon her with looks of inquiry.

"You know him?" remarked one of them.

"Oh, yes. His name is Albert Owings; son of Mr. Edward Owings, one of the best men in our town."

"Has he been long a cripple?"

"About a year."

"How did it happen? Had he a fall?"

"I will tell you about it if you care to listen. The story is a sad one, and, but for its lesson and warning, I would not revive it now."

The two ladies drew closer to the speaker, and she went on.

"Little Albert was a favorite with everybody who knew him. He had a sweet temper, and artless, winning ways from the first. When but three years old, he was the pet of the neighborhood. But nothing seemed to spoil him. As he grew older, he did not become rude and boisterous like too many children; and yet he was full of life, and loved to romp and play as well as any.

"Year after year was added to his life. The birth-days came and went, until he was nine years old. The children's birth-days are always kept in Mr. Owing's house. I am intimate with the family, and was one of the few outside friends who were invited to drop in after tea. I promised myself a pleasant evening, for I knew the charmed circle into which I was going.

"It was early in autumn, and the days were growing shorter. Darkness had fallen when I stood at Mr. Owing's door. I found the family in much distress and alarm. Albert had gone with a neighbor's son to visit a friend of his mother's, who lived half a mile from the city, and word had been received that he had fallen from a tree, and was too much hurt to walk

home. Mr. Owings and his mother had just left in a carriage, taking the doctor with them.

"For over an hour we waited in painful anxiety. Then the father and mother returned, bringing the poor boy with them. A bed, on which he was lying, had been placed in the carriage. He was helpless, and in great suffering. It took us a long time to get him out of the carriage and up stairs to his bed, for the slightest movement of his body made him cry out with pain. No bones were broken, but the doctor said there were serious internal injuries. From the hips down he was paralyzed. He could move his arms, but not his legs.

"Oh, that was a sad, sad night! Albert's suffering was so great, that anodynes had to be given before he could get ease or sleep."

"How did it happen?" asked one of the ladies. "He fell from a tree, you said?"

"I will answer your question as nearly as I can in Albert's own words. One day, about a week after the accident, I was sitting with the poor boy, who lay helpless in bed, free from pain, I am glad to say, when I asked him to tell me just how it all happened. A slight color came into his pale face, and a look I could not understand into his eyes. His mother, who was sitting by, noticed this change in his countenance.

"Tell us all about it, my son," she said, as she leaned over him. "I don't know yet just how it was."

"He put his arms around her neck and held her face close to his for over a minute. On releasing her, I saw that his eyes were wet, and had a look of doubt and trouble.

"You were not doing anything wrong, I hope, Albert," said his mother.

"No, ma'am," he answered quickly. "Nothing that I knew to be wrong. But maybe somebody else was."

"Who?"

"He did not reply, but looked from his mother's face to mine in an uncertain way.

"Who was doing wrong, dear?" asked his mother.

"Mrs. Kline, maybe."

"How?"

"When she gave me that glass of currant wine."

"A glass of currant wine! You didn't tell me of that before?"

"No, ma'am."

"Why, Albert?"

"I don't know, mamma. It seemed as if I couldn't."

"I shall never forget the sadness of his large bright eyes as they rested on his mother's face."

"Tell me all about it now, darling. Don't keep back anything."

"I won't keep back a word, mamma," he said. "It was just this way that it happened. We went out to Mrs. Kline's, Willy Lawson and I, as you said we might. And Mrs. Kline seemed so glad to see us. I told her it was my birth-day, and then she seemed more pleased, and kissed me, and stroked my hair, and patted my cheeks, and said I must have something in honor of the day. I didn't know what she meant, until she brought in a waiter with cakes and three glasses of wine. "It won't hurt you," she said. "It's only currant wine. I made it myself." So I took one glass and Willy another. "Here's to your good health, and many happy returns of the day," said Mrs. Kline, taking the other glass and drinking. We drank, too, and eat as much cake as we wanted. Then we went out to play."

"Was it a full glass of wine?" asked Mrs. Owings, a choking in her voice.

"Brimfull," answered the boy.

"And you drank it all?"

"Yes, ma'am, every drop."

"And what then?"

"Oh, it burnt all down inside of me like fire, and made my face red, and set my knees trembling. It got up into my head, too, and made it feel so large and strange! I was hot all over. So I went down to the spring-house and washed my face in the cool water; and that made me feel better. We sat there, Willy and I, playing in the brook. We built a little dam, and sailed bits of wood and bark on the water. After awhile Mrs. Kline came out and said she was afraid we'd get our clothes wet and muddy, and told us there was a chestnut tree in the woods back of the house, and she thought the burrs were beginning to open and drop the nuts. So, off we ran to the woods, and found the tree. But, though we saw the great bunches of chestnut burrs hanging up on the limbs, not a single nut could we find on the ground. We threw stones and sticks, but didn't knock any down, they were so high. "If it wasn't such a big tree, I'd climb it," said Willy. "I'm not afraid," said I, feeling just as brave and strong as if I'd been a man. So

at the tree I went, Willy helping me, until I could get hold of the lowest limb and pull myself up. I don't know what made me do it, for I never tried to climb a big tree like that before in all my life. I've thought about it, since lying here, ever so much, and I think it must have been the wine that made me do it. I heard papa say once that when wine was in the wit was out. And I'm sure the wit was out of my head, or I'd never have gone up that chestnut tree. When I got on to the limb, which was almost as big as a tree itself, I felt as hot all over as when I drank the glass of currant wine. My arms and legs were trembling, and my head buzzing and turning round. I had to shut my eyes and hold on to the limb to keep from falling.

"After awhile I felt better, and then stood up on the limb and reached to one above, pulling and scrambling until I got to a higher place. Then the trembling and turning in my head came again, and I had to hug my arms about a limb to keep from dropping right down. I was 'way up now, ever so far from the ground, as high as a second-story window. Then it came over me, all at once, how I was to get down; and I felt so scared and weak, and my head went round so, that I couldn't hold on. One of my feet slipped, and I felt myself going. Oh, it was dreadful! I didn't know anything after that, until I found myself in bed at Mrs. Kline's, and she crying and going on; and then it all came back to me."

"We sat, Mrs. Owings and I, for a good while after the child had finished his story, not speaking a word, until he said—"I'm sure it was the wine, mamma. I'd never thought of climbing the tree, if it hadn't been for the wine. Somehow, I wasn't just myself after I drank it. But, don't be angry with Mrs. Kline; she wanted to honor my birth-day, and didn't think it would hurt me."

"We looked at each other for a few moments. Mrs. Owings tried to speak, but her voice choked in the effort. Her boy, crippled for life, lay before her, and the hand that had struck him down was the hand of one who loved him. It had been lifted in kindness—alas! what mistaken kindness!"

The lady ceased. Over the faces of her two friends there fell shadows of pain. Both of them sat, with eyes cast down, for a long while.

"That a cause so light should work so sad a disaster!" said one of them at length, sighing deeply as she spoke.

"A cripple for life! And all from a single glass of currant wine, offered in honor of his

birth-day!" said the other, echoing the sigh of her friend. "Why!" she added, the color coming suddenly into her face, and then as suddenly fading out—"I did that very thing to a dear little nephew only a week ago! And now I remember, that he came near being run over by a horse on his way home; and that when I asked him about it, he said he couldn't just tell how it was, but he kind of forgot himself, and didn't think about taking care, as he always did, when crossing a street. It never came to me until this moment, that the wine had confused his little brain."

"If it has power to confuse the brains of strong men," answered the lady who had told the story of Albert's fall from a chestnut tree; "how much more the weak and delicate brains of children!"

"What a warning!" exclaimed the other. "I will never give even the lightest wine to a child again."

"Men as well as children have been made cripples for life through a glass of wine offered

by a friendly hand," said the lady. "There is no safety when the brain is stimulated above its healthy action. No one can tell the moment when life or limb may depend on the cool head and steady hand—when the slightest confusion of mind may bring terrible disaster. Let us, then, who have so much influence over the customs of society, set our faces against this thing of offering wine to our friends. We can work a great reform if we will. Taking this poor crippled child as a text, we may preach temperance sermons to men, women and children of such force that none can withstand us. What say you, friends?"

And they all joined hands, promising to set their faces against a custom so full of danger. And they kept their word. Many bottles of currant wine, and blackberry wine, and cherry-bounce, were emptied on the ground by these ladies, and also by others to whom they preached their temperance sermons. The text, whenever announced, was sure to gain attentive listeners; and rarely failed to work conviction.

THE YOUNG MAN'S NEEDS.

BY JOHN F. W. WARE.

[We take from the *Monthly Religious Magazine* the following interesting article, setting forth in clear and nervous language the needs and perils of our young men. There is not a sister or a mother who reads *The Home Magazine*, who will not thank us for publishing it; for it clothes in just the right words all those warning and suggestive truths they so long to speak for the safety and highest good of sons and brothers.]

IT would require an ability I do not possess, and I should fail either to satisfy others or myself, were I to attempt to define that being of so many conflicting elements commonly called by us a young man. I might delineate different classes of young men; but to give an idea, broad and just, of the order, would be simply impossible. I doubt any one's ability to do it. It would require exactness in limning, a skill in the management of shades, a nice perception of balance, a clean power of analysis, with hearty sympathy and genuine charity such as I suspect no man possesses. A fast young man, a nice young man, a good young man—any one knows at once what these comprehend. You have only to name the qualifying adjective, and the type is before you; but I should fall far short, I should fear to do

wrong and injustice, were I to attempt to describe the young man, what he is and what he is not. Therefore I leave that task untold, simply pausing to say that a young man is one in whom the elements of a good and valuable life exist as yet in chaos, upon which, mainly by himself, the great creative act is to be performed, by the moving of whose will all things in him are to subside into just proportion and place, and grow into order and beauty and grace. By no external action, as by no gentle handling of himself shall this be, but through patience and fidelity—the growing of primeval chaos into all the wonder and glory that the earth now wears, under the moving spirit of God, not more certain and inevitable than the growing of true manhood in him, let but his spirit rightly move and mould.

I have said by no external action, but I must add a qualifying word. I do not think we who are older deal quite generously by those who are younger, and that we stand in the way of their self-handling. We have, as parents and friends, rightfully and inevitably, a good deal of influence over them; and we do not exert the right influence. We are too uneven.

Young men get a great deal of foolish indulging, and they get a great deal of as foolish snubbing. They are not dealt with harmoniously and consistently, but by extremes. If you are driving a full-blooded, generous beast, your strong and even hand makes you easily his master, and you and he are on excellent terms, and all his noblest is freely given you; but your weak and vascillating and nervous touch exasperates his mouth, and sours his temper, and chafes his spirit; he frets, and sweats, and shirks. Your whimsies make him whimsical. You get mutually provoked, and your journey is wretched and a failure, and you are each glad to be quit of the other. The most shrewd, practical common-sense I ever heard uttered on the subject of dealing with young people, were Rarey's off-hand talks, while he was getting some obstreperous horse into the straw. I wished every father and mother in the land could have heard him, so admirably were they adapted to the much-misunderstood matter of domestic dealing with young, erratic, but not vicious blood.

The young man needs a strong and even hand, and he will bear it. It is the unevenness—the symptom of weakness—that irritates him. He is not unreasonable, he is not unmanageable. The unreasonableness of others frets him; and it ends either in rebellion or despair, probably in both. I have had young men say to me that they were not understood at home, did not have justice, were kept worried, and made to feel that there was small chance of their coming to anything, and they might as well not try, they were “bound to the bad” anyhow; and I have known fine temper and real good permanently injured so. The even hand which a well-balanced character will always carry, is the best guide and the surest help, as it is the only aid, a young man really needs when taking himself into his own hands.

It is important that a young man should at once understand that he has duties—that his is not to be only a selfish, outside existence; that he has not merely a pleasant life before him, in which he shall consult his own convenience; not merely an existence of toil, as the condition of present comfort and future wealth; but an existence in which he shall do something direct and tangible for his own moral welfare and the real good of the world about him. He must make his life necessary to others. It is best that a young man should face this fact at once. Duty is life's imperative demand upon him. He may have regarded his boyhood as a time

of irksome restraint, and longed to be his own master, when he could do “just as he had a mind to.” But no man can ever do that. So soon as he passes out of the government and control of parent and teacher, he passes under the control of duty. There is no escape from an obligation inhering in our very nature. Manhood brings no exemption from tasks. It only shifts the master. Omri may die, but then Tibni reigns. I wish it were so obvious that I need not mention it, that a young man's first need is character—not principle merely, but character, the result of principle. He will not find that this has been done in any way for him. Principles have been instilled, examples set; but they have not given, they cannot give, character, that most costly of all attainments, that most priceless of all gains. That he has to make. He will find nothing so valuable, so invaluable; nothing that can stand him in its stead, nothing that can supply its place. Young men regard with envy those whom they think more favorably situated than themselves—who can get, as they think, a better start. They love to be boosted rather than to climb. They think outside things are going to make success—that success comes of what is done for them, not by them. This is a young man's fallacy. A start *given* is of very little moment. It is not money, or favor, or family, that starts a man. Think what you will of these, the truth is that a man starts himself, and the thing he starts on is character; and he who makes the best start, and has the best chance for every kind of success, is he who has the broadest, and deepest, and firmest principle. Without that every other advantage is valueless; with it a man can afford to forego every other aid. It may not make him a rich or a leading man, it may not be the way to immediate and flashy results. Perhaps it may never give these: but these are not what young men ought to want. They ought not to occupy so much thought and exert so much influence. In themselves, they are of no possible value. They will do very well should they come in honorably by the way; but we are foolishly perverse when we rank money or family above character, or suppose that, with any decent man or woman, they ever take its place. The young man who starts in life with a clear, moral sense, with a firm resolve to abide by principle, who has no meanness and will stoop to no deceit—who despises policy, and will have none of it—that is the young man who shall win life's truest rewards, and wear the crown immortal; that is the young man who

shall have respect, and confidence, and love, and grow with God and man. What shall be given in exchange for these? Houses, lands, stocks, ships, a name known in every port, a credit in every clime? Put the gold of California to the wealth of Peru; pile up what India has, and add it to what Australia gives; increase that by the incomes of all thrones, the revenues of all seas, the harvests of all lands; put all that was ever named or ever dreamed in the one scale, and a genuine manly character in the other. Swiftly, immovably, the beam settles under the weight of character, while that end which holds all this accumulated income of a world flies with its gossamer weight high into the air. Too strong is that? Well, then, you know how some trifling, genuine deed will thrill the heart, an act of devoted loyalty to principle start the quick pulse; but whose heart thrills at pomp, and display, and wealth? Mr. Peabody's money doesn't touch anybody's heart, but Mr. Peabody's use of it does. It is his character exalts his gold: the image and superscription on it is not the guinea's stamp, but his character's stamp. You may have a cold, intellectual surprise or approval of mere accumulation; you may envy it—and that is one of the meanest feelings a man ever has—but do you welcome, and honor, and love, and approve it, as you do one of the least of the unselfish deeds? Young men! those who hold the really conspicuous places in history, and the large places in men's hearts, are not Napoleons and Rothschilds; but they are Washingtons and Abraham Lincolns, men whose character is their noblest worth. Those who are leaders and moulders of the better sentiment, in the world, the country, and the community—the sentiment which in the end prevails—are they whose characters have given them power. If you have not a farthing in your pocket, and have character, I will insure you all that is of best worth with man; and you do not need any assurance of that with God.

It seems to me important that a young man should cultivate his finer feelings. I say *cultivate*. I think I am not mistaken in saying that an idea prevails among young men, that it is manly to suppress that class of emotions which can any way be connected with sentiment. Sentiment is a thing they are afraid of. They have seen it in nicely cravated clergymen, in any gushing young woman, and they have had it, *ad nauseum*, in cheap romances; and this which is a shabby counterfeit they have mistaken for that high virtue without which no

man is man. A man despises his better feelings, and tries to get the mastery over them at his peril. The nobleness of humanity lies in them. I have known young men ridicule the most sacred emotions, who would not be moved by any eloquence or entreaty, by beauty of character or of nature, selfishly, yes, bestially, stolid, when everything else was stirred to the deeps, simply because they thought it manly to appear indifferent, and godlike to seem superior. The effect of this on character is permanent and perilous; a man cannot do such violence to nature with impunity; it will recoil on him; it will eat into his heart; it will make him cold and uncongenial, and hard, and selfish, and proud, not one of which are legitimate ingredients in manhood. Young men! if you begin by putting down the tender things, you end by putting them out. Encourage such feelings, cultivate them; don't be afraid to feel, and show that you feel. Check neither feeling nor expression; be sure that no man is more manly than he whose heart is warm with all sympathies, quick in all emotions, alive to all beauty and nobility, sensitive even as a woman. No well-balanced character otherwise is possible. Alone it keeps the heart fresh and young, pure and true.

It is not merely on his own account that the young man should cultivate the finer feelings; but so only can he rightly appreciate and live with others. That is a great art, almost the art of arts—the art of living together—and it has to be learned patiently, often painfully. The young are a little too apt to forget other people—their feelings, their rights, their wishes, their opinions. Most earnestly I insist upon the necessity of true manliness and independence of character; and yet these with conditions and within limits. The independent man is he who, with due respect for himself, cordially accepts and respects his relations to everybody else. He never forgets the golden rule; he is not proud, nor cold, nor selfish; he is not the first person singular, incarnate. He knows that liberty is possible only under law. Where law is set aside, comes license; and where the proper restraints of independence are denied, comes impudence. A great many young men think themselves independent, who are simply impudent, intolerably impudent. They forget that any one has rights but themselves, and they trample ruthlessly on that which is most sacred in others, to others. The great fact is, that, while we live together, we must regard others as ourselves. Life must be compromise, not of truth, not of duty, not of

principle; but of convenience, and whim, and desire, and comfort, and selfishness. I cannot lay my hand upon it, but I think somewhere either Emerson or Thoreau says something like this: "A little avoided, a little surrendered, a little overlooked, and, lo! the rough and jagged edges slipped into their places, and life became an exquisite mosaic." I give you the idea, but the felicity of the language in part escapes me. That is the big truth, though. If you want to be independent after the selfish style, go to the desert, shut yourself away from man, and have it out. Mayhap you will come back decent. If you want the independence that everybody will respect, and that you can make of use, respect other people, remember God allows them just what you claim, and that your two claims must clash, unless by some wisdom of compromise, by some giving way. We talk of a straight road through life; but the way of life must be curvilinear, a series of avoidances. Tilt against sin, and wrong, and shame, and evil; but go around a feeling, a right, even a whim of another. You don't sacrifice anything so. Your manhood is intact. You respect Divine limitings. The jagged edges slip into place, and lo! concord and harmony. You may not sympathize in, you may not agree with, you may not respect much, what others greatly prize; but everything honest in another is entitled to mental hospitality and decent courtesy. Though the man be not great, nor wise, nor known, though he be weak and annoying, God has respected him so much as to allow him to be born, and to give him the attributes of a common humanity. You should do no less. The smallest right of another should be sacred as you would have your own be, and no life has greater charm than that which acts up to that. Lives must not be repellant spheres, but confluent streams. If you cannot take the doctrine on the broad Christian ground, or accept it on the philosophic basis of "self-interest, well understood," take it on the lowest. Beware of treading on other people's toes; your own have corns.

Not only is it the young man's duty to select some honorable, useful occupation, which he will stick to, be in earnest about, but he should resolve himself to be of use; not put all that he is into his vocation, but remembering that no vocation can hold or express the whole of man. He should make sure that he is preparing himself, at least, for useful work among the many wants of the world. One of his first resolves should be that the world shall be the happier

and the better for his living in it. He must feel that to the extent of his ability he is personally responsible for its condition and progress. The task laid on him by the Great Taskmaster is not understood unless it include active duty for others. And how mightily would all good causes move forward, how rapidly would evil things disperse, were every man to step into life in that spirit! Do not say, "How am I to make myself of use?" Where there is a will, there is a way. Opportunities and means will spring up right about you, if only you have the desire. No man so humble but he has an important work in the smooth working of society, just as no cog in the machine is too minute not to make jar and perhaps ruin if it be broken. There is no excuse for any. Sometimes I look at young men, and wonder if they suppose God made them only for a tailor to exercise his ingenuity upon, or to carry a cane, or dance the German, or walk behind a cigar. I look them in the face; I watch their movements; I dissect their manners; I analyze their language. Their elegant self-satisfaction doesn't deceive me; their fashion and arrogance do not bluff me; I'm not convinced that they are the autocrats of the universe, or their feeble words, if the oaths be big, quite the crack of doom. I say, "Poor piece of very poor clay, man only in your garb, superb in your shame, what are you good for? How do you happen to be tolerated, you libel on the sacred name of man? What are your days, what are your nights? What are you, and what is your doom—contemptible caricature of God's image that you are? The cut of your coat is not going to give you any credit among the angels; the *entrée* of the mansions of society is not going to introduce you to the courts of Heaven; you do not now escape the contempt of every decent man and woman, and you shall not by-and-by escape the scorn of God." I believe in, I rejoice over, I trust young men. Grand are they in the prophecy of what they are to be; but, if they would escape the fashionable stupor in which so many souls steep themselves, in whom the superficial stamp of society's applause shall be found to be the ineradicable Cain-mark of Divine displeasure, they must learn to live resolutely and rigidly to some higher end, and deem him only to be disgraced who will not be of use.

I want to say this word, too: do not be superficial, either in what you do or what you are; it is your duty to strike deep, and to live deep. Surface things characterize the times: a man of

show will distance a man of substance. It is so at the bar, it is so in Wall Street, it is so in the pulpit; vivas or bravos are not for depth and breadth, but for dash and show. Yet virtue will be avenged. The showy man gravitates towards his true value. The last analysis reads, *mene, mene*. Do you let the putty, and the varnish, and the stucco go. As a quaint man said, feel for the furring, and drive your nail home. Don't fret over your deserts. In the end every man gets what is his; and better to stand well with the few who discern, better be sure of the real value of what you do and are, better know that all is secure, than have the cunningest applause a fickle people ever tickled a vain man with.

I remember that an evangelist tells us that once, when Jesus had looked upon a young man, He loved him. Oh, enviable young man he! It was no small thing to be loved of Jesus; and I think all of us, except the sordid and the selfish who have forgotten that they were ever young, lean towards young men, sympathize with them, would shield and help them. Perhaps we do not make that quite evident, and, losing sight too much of our own green thing, do no make allowance—lose too early, and manifest the loss of patience we should hold to. We think they will never outgrow their follies—which are after all rather the creatures of inexperience than will—and settle down into something useful and wise. We are apt to chafe at this disagreeable side which they persist in turning towards us, and fret at their vanities, crude opinions, and overweening self-importance. And yet, these are harmless things if they be taught to master themselves. We have all been boys, and some of us, the most useful and most respected now, were very troublesome, disagreeable young men, full as vain and opinionative and important as any of to-day. See how life has drilled us down to very calm and respectable and dull citizens, to staid and sober fireside fixtures—how it has taken the romance and the folly out of us, its dull routine and severe toil made of many such as sorry a drudge as the worn-out animal in the mill. There is nothing bad in the young man as young man. His tendencies are towards nobleness, his affinities are with truth; but he is impulsive, he is inexperienced, he is easily deceived. He wants knowledge; he wants balance. He is brave, but he is not persistent; he can attack, but he cannot wait. He is easily discouraged where he cannot make head at once. He must achieve great things. He believes in the future, and does not know

that the clouds so brilliant in the western horizon are but a dull lead to him who stands under them. He is wilful, perverse, impetuous, domineering, knows more than he ever will again, and snubs parents and sets aside authorities, "just as if he didn't know!" He will not heed advice; he will not respect wisdom; he will not credit other men's experience; he persists in buying at his own cost; and so he falls into mistakes, runs risks, gets into trouble, easily enough avoided, and which he will one day lament. He is apt to become selfish—regardless of home duties and home obligations, to seek pleasure, to crave doubtful notoriety. He is urged on by companions, and in turn urges them into issues of which he never dreamed—in dreams would have abhorred. His views are not broad; his aims are not high. Life is an inverted pyramid; trifles are its base. He grasps at, believes in, the specious and showy. Sacred things are distasteful, and restraint irksome. And yet the last thing anybody ought to feel is discouragement about him. There is too much grand and good for that. Time will do much, and his own wiser self do more.

Yes: depend on that wiser self in you, young man, which may grow wiser with every day. Do not, like the man at Bethesda, wait for somebody. Do it all yourself. Rejoice in your youth because of its capacities and duties—because of the power in you to do and be something that shall help out not only your own character, but the world's great good. Childhood is the season for the exuberance and overflow of the animal spirits, for thoughtlessness and play; but, with the putting away of other childish things, you should put away these—should put on the dignity of action, as well as assume the dignity of manhood, that you may gradually become wonted to the heavier burdens you must bear through the heat of life's day.

EARLY RESPONSIBILITY.—Now, early responsibility is almost equivalent to early sobriety. If a stick of timber standing upright wavers, lay a beam on it, and put a weight on that, and see how stiff the stick becomes. And if young men waver and vascillate, put responsibility on them, and how it straightens them up! What power it gives them! How it holds all that is bad in them in restraint! How quickly it develops and puts forward all that is good in them.

THE VISION OF CARTAPHILUS.

BY ELIZA H. BARKER.

TWILIGHT had just begun to shade
The circling borders of the world,
And day's last streak of light yet played
Upon the mists o'er Arno curled.
When near the Sage of Florence stood
A stranger of majestic mien,
On his high brow, uncovered, could
The trace of suffering be seen.

Aged he was, or seemed to be
(For oft this world makes men seem old),
Yet, in his dark and unquenched age,
The tale of endless youth was told;
His tall and stately form was bent
(Though slightly) by a load of years,
And time, with snowy hand, had sent
The silver o'er his scattered hairs.

"Iman," he said, "I come to thee,
For I have heard that thou canst bring
Time past from out eternity,
And stay his never-resting wing.
I come to view the vanished years,
Bring with them scenes of lost delight,
And breathe again the air that bears
Its incense from the cedar'd height,
The balmy air, long lost and gone,
That floated down from Lebanon."

On one side of the chamber hung
An arras with devices old,
O'er it a polished tablet flung
A flickering light on every fold.
The Sage advanced and upwards drew
The hanging tapestry whose shade
Had hidden from the stranger's view
A dim old mirror, time-decayed.
No image on that glass was seen,
Even when the stranger stood before it,
But dark, as if there still had been
Its long accustom'd covering o'er it.

The Sage then bade the stranger sit
To face the mirror, while around
He drew a circle, bounding it
Upon the tablet's dim-lit bound.
"Stir not," he said, "lest from thy view
All that thou lovest be darkly driven,
To speak thou may'st, but see that thou
Breathe not the name of God or Heaven.
For every tone this tablet rings
A century, thou'lt backwards see,
If less this timbrel's sounding strings,
What time thou namest will bring to thee."

"Strike thou the tablet, and again."
No light the mirror's face illumed,

"Strike thou again, again, again."

The astonished Sage the task resumed.
"Five hundred years are gone; what man,
Since the blest bow first gladden'd earth,
E'er saw such length of days, or ran
This outstretch'd tenure from his birth!
Stranger, thou mockest; this mirror never
Before refused to show me aught."
"Iman, be calm; if true 'twas ever
'Twill give thee all that yet is sought.
Strike thou again, and weary not,
Nor wait to wonder at my age,
Oh, that it were by Him forgot
Who marked it on His endless page!"

Again, again, and oft the tone
From the slow brightening tablet came,
"Stranger, a thousand years have flown,
Yet yon dark mirror is the same.
Five hundred more are gone—again,
Another century has pass'd."
"Strike thou once more, and watch thou then
What scenes the mirror's face o'er-cast."

Another tone is struck, and, lo!
The mirror is in sunshine now;
Light clouds are passing to and fro,
And settle round a mountain's brow;
A bright and lovely plain is there,
A dark, deep wood in shade is thrown;
Evening's soft blush is on the air,
And lutes and woman's softer tone
Are mingling in a plaintive song,
And the calm low of herds that graze
On the rich pasture bear along
Each swell of Israel's evening praise.

But, hark! one lute is soft and low,
It seems to sigh o'er Jordan's wave;
Sweeter and softer is the tone
Than aught the host of Israel gave;
And see! 'neath Jordan's hallowed shade
A female form, unveiled, is seen;
Hers is the majesty displayed
In Israel's daughters' mien.

The turban is around a brow
Of woman's calm, yet deepest thought,
The eyes of living light below
Tell thee of all thou would'st have sought;
Sweetness and peace are mingled there,
And maiden youth's enchanting glow
Kindles the cheek, and through the hair
Steals 'neath the dark vest's shade below;
That rich and braided vest is met
High on the breast with rows of gems,

Each glittering one might well have set
Its light in princes' diadems.

"Oh, Miriam! Oh, my long lost one!"
(The heart's pent feelings burst to birth)

"My only tie to life! when gone,
What more had I to do with earth?
Lord, now I bend and worship Thee;

Thou once insulted Christ, forgive
The crime oft wept in agony,
Recall, and bid me cease to live.
Miriam, I come—I clasp thee now—
The curse of time is off my brow!"

A cloud has passed, the light is gone that shone,
The Sage of Florence stands again alone.

A COUNTRY GIRL'S ROMANCE.

BY MARTHA D. HARDIE.

A DULL, rainy day, darkening into a duller night. The clouds that had all day covered the sky were not broken, but against their cold grayness the sunset had struck one long bar of dark crimson. It had not rained steadily, only been raw, cloudy, disagreeable, with an east wind coming in from the sea—a cold, sighing wind that made people uncomfortable and cross.

The twilight was not pleasant; there was nothing attractive in the street, with its row of houses and stores gleaming faintly in the distance, and its occasional passers; yet for half an hour I had walked up and down the little porch, finding in it something suited to my restless, unhappy mood. One sentence will tell you what I was. A poor, ambitious girl, with a mind only half developed, sensitive to all the refinements of wealth and culture, wanting luxuries, and, because I could not have them, discontented and unhappy.

I was eighteen that day, and all my life, save a year had been spent in that little village—a very quiet place down in the valley, watched from the surrounding hills by some lovely country-places, whose owners made every summer the town alive with fashion and gayety, whose winter absence left it very dull. The summer before, I had come home from a year's absence at school, and since then the town had seemed to me intolerably still. I did not want to come back; I wanted to stay and graduate; but my father was poor, I was needed at home, and my plans for culture and improvement had to be sunk in sweeping and darning. I rebelled at my fate, and made it harder. For the society which the place afforded, my year at school had, I thought, unfitted me. So I stayed at home, and, when my work was done, read Carlyle and De Quincey, or took long, lonely walks—a course of treatment not likely to cure my disease.

I was more than usually tired that night, my birth-day; but it was Monday, and mother had congratulated herself on getting her washing out and dry, being certain that it would rain to-morrow. Looking in now at the little window, I saw the long, low kitchen; before the fire my father smoking his pipe and talking with a neighbor, my mother folding down the clothes, my two brothers disputing over their marbles in the corner—the smell of the supper around all. I looked at it scornfully; I was tired of sweeping and dusting; I wanted something better. Other girls might be contented with their work, their small pleasures, their awkward lovers—bah!

I went in.

"I'm glad you've come, Janie," said my mother. "I was afraid you would take cold out there."

"No danger," I answered, carelessly. "Isn't it time for those boys to go to bed?" for the dispute in the corner was waxing louder.

"They have been waiting for you. Come, Ben, Johnny, put up your marbles now."

I lit the candle, and as I did so my mother saw my face plainer.

"What is the matter, Jane?"

"Nothing; only I'm tired."

"You worked too hard to-day. I wish we were able to hire a girl," sighing.

"And I wish— Boys are you ever coming?" And they slowly followed me.

I heard their childish prayers carelessly, put them in bed, and went down. The dishes were to be washed, potatoes cleaned for breakfast, and sponge set. Refusing my mother's offer of assistance, I finished everything, taking a kind of pleasure in being a long while about it and being very particular. Then I went to my room, followed by mother's recommendations of herb-tea.

I was moody and discontented, and my books

had no charms for me, so I sat there imagining things that might happen that would better my condition; wishing they would. Suddenly, interrupting my reverie, came a shout from the street, and the sound of a horse's hoofs. I pushed open my window and leaned out. Down the street a horse was coming at full speed, his rider, apparently hurt and unable to control him, clinging helplessly to the saddle. Men had rushed out, shouting and trying to stop that mad flight. But just as he reached our place, some one rushed in front to seize the bridle; the horse sprang aside, and his rider was thrown off. He lay there insensible, while the horse dashed on. The crowd rushed to the prostrate man, consulted hastily, and then carried him into our house. I heard the shuffling feet, and at my mother's call went down. He was bruised and mangled, but not seriously hurt. One leg seemed to be injured, and from a cut in his forehead blood was flowing, dying darkly his curling hair. He was young, handsome, a gentleman, that was evident; and as I brought water to wash away the blood, I wondered vaguely if this was the prince. The doctor came soon and examined him. His leg was broken; there were many bruises and cuts. "Considering his chances, it's a wonder he wasn't killed," said the doctor, as he sewed up the long gash.

He was put in bed, conscious now, and groaning with pain; the neighbors left, and the house settled down into its usual quiet.

Whoever the stranger was, he was on our hands for the present. And as I saw the night-lamp placed in the room, and my mother's tender face bent over the sufferer, I wondered what fate had sent us. We found out, the next day, who he was. George Darrington by name, confidential clerk of Mr. Leyper, one of the city merchants whose country-house looked down from the hill. He had come to Floreston to see an old friend who was ill; had ridden, hastily, for the doctor that night. His horse, in passing through the wood, had been frightened at something, and, suddenly swerving, dashed his rider's head against a heavy branch, and was off, his master being too stunned by the blow to control him.

There followed weeks of illness; then slow convalescence. In the care of him I relieved mother, and he could sit up, and needed only little attentions. I took my sewing and sat with him, while mother took charge of the work. I was not strong, she said, mother-like, and I was only too glad of the change. I had fallen in love with this invalid, so thrown on

my care and sympathy. A gentleman, and more of a scholar than any one I had ever before met, he had talked to me of books and pictures; praised my own knowledge of them; encouraged me in my plans for study; and I repaid him by falling in love before he asked me to. It was not strange; I am older and wiser now. Yet, if one as handsome and kind as he should come to me again, I fear I should repeat the first error. The late spring had deepened into summer, the earth was very beautiful, and I was happy. I hardly stopped to ask myself where my discontent had gone. I had not yet felt my love clearly enough to be troubled by fears of him. His manner was already more like a lover than a friend, and I felt it as such. So things went on, till one June twilight, as I went through the kitchen on some errand, my father looked up at me, proudly, I thought, and I heard him say, as I went out, "Janie is growing prettier every day, mother." I ran up to my room, turned my little glass to the window, and tested his words. Yes, I was pretty, I said, exultingly, and I took off the queer, old-fashioned pin I wore, replacing it with a knot of ribbon that matched the pink of my cheeks. Then I went down again.

In the parlor, Mr. Darrington was trying the old piano, but, as I reached the door, the music stopped. I heard a hasty exclamation, as I opened it, and saw the piano-stool overturned, he holding the hand of a tall, graceful lady, who was saying, eagerly—"It was only a week ago, that we heard of your illness. We have been travelling, you know, and your letters miscarried. When I found out, I coaxed mamma to leave Saratoga, and so here we are;" a pause for breath. "Are you very much surprised to see me?"

"I did not expect you. How could I hope that you would leave the enchantments of Saratoga for me?"

She laughed, and blushed, too, I think. "Saratoga was dull. I won't say we missed you, but—" she stopped just then, seeing me; "who—"

They both turned, and I went forward.

"My little nurse," said Mr. Darrington. "This is Miss Leyper, Miss More."

She bowed, and I was turning away, when he said something low to her, and at it she left him, and put out her hand to me.

"My parents and I owe gratitude to any one who has been of service to our friend. In their name, let me thank you. I hope he has not been a great burden."

I don't think the sentence looks well on paper. From her lips it seemed perfect, and I was almost too awed to reply. I said something, however, that was satisfactory, and she went on talking, carelessly, of the beautiful weather; her sudden coming to Foreston; mentioning to him one or two city events. At last she rose to go. Just as she stood there, let me describe her. Stately and graceful in figure, not handsome, with her gray eyes and colorless cheeks; but very stylish-looking. Her dress was, of course, perfect. The lustreless silk, soft shawl, falling off graceful shoulders, dainty hat, with its long, drooping plume, the rare lace, and single jewel at her throat, contrasted well, I thought, half-bitterly, with my dark calico relieved only by a knot of bright ribbon.

"Shall you remain here?" she asked.

He had settled that, that day, with mother. "For the present," he answered. "Downs, you know, is gone, and his house is shut. It is quiet here, and I like it."

"You speak as if our house were not open to you. If papa were here, he would insist on your coming."

"Thanks; but, at present, I should be too great a tax on your kindness."

"Oh! I should like to try my vocation as a nurse, for a while, but I see you've no faith in my ability. Well," drawing up her shawl, "when you are better we shall expect you. Mrs. Gray is coming, in a fortnight, and half a dozen others. You will be able then?"

"I hope so," bowing.

"In the meantime—can you ride?"

"I have not as yet."

"I will send the carriage down to-morrow if you think you are able to ride," she said as she went out.

He followed her. They stood on the porch talking together some minutes. At last she went, and he came in. He sat down and began playing, and I listened, with a jealous dread of this handsome stranger creeping into my heart.

"I have found the piece I spoke about," he said after awhile. "Will you come and try it?"

"I don't feel like singing to-night."

"Miss Leyper is very charming, is she not?" he asked, turning round.

"She is handsome and stylish."

"The last word seems to mean everything on a woman's lips," he laughed. "She broke innumerable hearts in the city last winter. Who could resist such a combination of beauty—and wealth?" he said; the last word scornfully, I thought.

"Mr. Leyper is very wealthy."

"And she an only daughter. Ah! well. Where's Ruskin?"

I got the book, and in its prose poetry, forgot my fears.

The long, golden summer days went by. Miss Leyper's carriage came frequently, with Miss Leyper in perfect costume as driver. Once or twice he went to her house. When her city friends came, he was there, but they soon whirled off again and took Miss Leyper with them. I wondered at his seeming freedom from care—for he was poor, I knew—till one day he mentioned carelessly that his fortune had come to him. I wondered what it was, but never dreamed of the truth.

His manner to me was unchanged. Sometimes it had a touch of tenderness that thrilled me strangely. I believed that he loved me, and I never heeded my mother's occasional warnings, or the village rumors of his being engaged to Miss Leyper. I was in a dream.

One day, at the last of July, we went together to the woods. Such visits were not unfrequent, for I knew the woods thoroughly, and he liked to see me show my knowledge at a point where he was most ignorant. I had filled my little basket with moss and flowers, and we were walking home by the river. A flower nodding on the steep bank attracted me, and I ran to get it. Bending down, the stone on which I had placed my foot rolled over; those below followed, and I should have fallen into the deep waters if Mr. Darrington had not caught me and restored me to my feet.

"Careless child!" his voice said, but with so different a tone that I started and felt my face flush hotly as I released myself.

He bent over the bank and picked the flower. When he turned, his face was cool as usual, and he said, almost carelessly—"You perilled your life for it."

My fingers trembled as I took it. "Don't speak of it," I said, and we went home in silence.

I went to my room; and when, half an hour after, I came down Mr. Darrington was gone.

"He had a message from Mr. Leyper," my mother said. "He thought it possible he might not be back to-night. Downs is home, you know."

A natural enough excuse; but it troubled me. I wandered in the garden after tea, tried vainly to interest myself in a book, and at last was going to my room, an hour earlier than usual, when just as my foot touched the stair I heard his name spoken by my father, and—they did not know that I could hear; they supposed

me still in the garden, or perhaps they would not have spoken as they did.

"I heard to day from Leyper himself that his daughter and Darrington were engaged. It came out in looking over those papers; he said something about a settlement for his daughter, and then told me that they had been engaged since spring, and would be married this fall. She's rich, and he's poor; but he is handsome, and comes of an old family, I suppose."

"You are sure, Jacob," said my mother, in an anxious tone.

"Of course. He said it in so many words. You don't think, mother," after a moment's pause, as if the possibility had just occurred to him, "that Janie has taken a liking to the fellow?"

"I hope not; but I think he has acted as if he liked her."

"Well, I hadn't noticed. I hope she hasn't. She's a good girl, and pretty, too. There's more than one forehanded fellow here that would be glad to have her. Darrington is handsome and soft spoken, and—" I heard no more, for the parlor door shut suddenly, and I went up stairs.

I am not going to tell you what I suffered that night. I had loved with all the passion of youth. I had believed myself loved in return, and now, without a moment's warning, my idol was shattered. He whom I had thought perfect, all truth and nobleness, was false and unworthy my lightest thought. Yet the very revelation of his baseness gave me strength to conquer my passion. He had played the lover to me, while pledged to another woman. Such an one was not worth weeping for, I thought, even while my heart cried in agony at the loss of my love. One thought, only, comforted me. My mother and father did not know—though they might suspect—my passion. I would pay the penalty of my folly, but no one else should suffer in my punishment. I would hide my secret, and if it hurt, remember that no one was to blame but myself—and Mr. Darrington. Perhaps I could get over it, though I doubted it; but if all my life I was to suffer for my summer's happiness—well, my pride would help me to do it. Pride is a very good thing in place of a better. For the next fortnight I held myself up by it.

Mr. Darrington came after breakfast, and informed us that he should leave the next morning. He had to pack, he said, as he went to his room; and I had to bake, I said, as I went to the kitchen. In the afternoon I went to a sick neighbor's, and so we did not meet till

after tea. His arrangements were completed, and he would leave the next morning at day-break.

It was a beautiful night; the sky cloudless, the moon at its full, the light wind laden with rich scents. He was very sober; but as for me, I was as gay as possible—sang, laughed and talked, and when, late in the evening, he proposed a moonlit walk, assented, gayly, saying, as I put on my shawl, that it would be *very* romantic.

"You'll get cold, Janie," said mother.

"Not wrapped up as I am," I answered; "and we will confine our promenade to the sidewalk."

"I wanted you to go to the river," he said, as we went out; "but you will, perhaps, object to so long a walk."

"Not to its length; but I don't want to see that place of peril again."

So our walk was a short and silent one. I guessed what his trouble was, and I knew that he needed but a word of encouragement to forget his pledge to another and turn to me; but such love I should have scorned.

When we came back, he stopped me at the gate. "It is too beautiful to go in. Besides, you will be saying good-by soon, if we do."

"And you think it would be prettier said here?"

He leaned over the gate. "It has been a pleasant summer. Shall we ever have another like it?"

"The world goes round and everything comes back again," I said, half lightly, half seriously. "All things come in their own time."

"And happiness among them?" his hand seeking mine. I drew it away, yet I grew momentarily pale as his tone vibrated on my ear.

"I am cold. Let us go in," and I moved away.

He followed me. "Say good-by here," he said. "I want to think of you last, just as you are now."

I put out my hand, calmly. "Good-by, Mr. Darrington," and before he could answer I had left him. When I came down the next morning, he was gone.

"The parlor needs cleaning after so much use," I said to mother, at breakfast. "Let me right it, and shut it up."

"You aren't strong enough, daughter."

"Indeed I am, mother. You are always taking the hard work from me. Where's the claw. The curtains must come down," and I went to work with a will.

I threw away the flowers—the spoils of that fatal walk; rearranged the furniture, put the books we had read together out of sight, laying on the table, instead, some dry histories. When it was brought to cleanliness and order, I darkened it, and said, as I shut the door—“There let my summer’s folly be buried.” That fall I did not enter it, except when we had company.

After that I went into housework; helped mother put up fruit, cleaned, did the fall sewing, busied myself in every way. My books lay on the shelf; they held too many memories. I read the newspaper to father, and there my literary pursuits ended. My mother was very kind and careful. I think she saw what was the matter, but she said nothing, only tried to help me by varying my tasks constantly, and telling me the little incidents of the village. She began to talk, too, of sending me away again; but knowing we were not able I vetoed the plan. I suffered some of course. There were times when something would come up, some reminder of past joys we saw, some thought of a poet quoted while we looked at the sunset—remembered while I looked at it alone; some flower or vine that he had made sacred to me; and all these brought me exquisite pain. But, however, I suffered alone. I managed to be cheerful with others. One dreary afternoon in November, father came in from work, complaining of illness. It was the day for his weekly paper; and after mother had settled him in bed, and used the remedies she knew so well, I bethought me to go for it. It was a day very like that spring one I remembered so well. I thought of it now, and how different I was then. I caught myself looking back with a kind of pity at that desolate damsel. My love had changed me in more things than one, and if I had not now outgrown that passion, I had certainly come to see that after all there was much left in life for me.

So thinking I got the paper, went home and read it to father. As I turned the last page I saw something that startled me a little. I only read the heading—“Marriage in high life;” then I turned to something else. But I put the paper in my pocket, and after the work was done slipped up to my my room to read it. It was what I thought, a notice of the marriage of Miss Leyper, only daughter, etc., to Mr. Darrington, with a mention of the beauty of the bride, the elegance of the reception, and the close—“Sailed yesterday, in the ‘Persia,’ for Europe.” I read it through, cut the paragraph out, and burned it. Then I knelt down and prayed that I might have strength for the

duties that lay before me. I thanked God that I had friends near and dear, who needed my care; that I could still be of use in the world, and in all that I might do, I prayed for His guidance and help. There I laid down the pride that had so long sustained me, and sought help, in my trial, from One greater than man. It was just midnight when my mother woke me. The moonlight streaming in, showed her face quiet as usual, but deadly pale. “What is it, mother?” I asked.

“Janie—your father is dead.”

I sprang up in affright.

“I should have come for you to go for the doctor, but before I knew it, almost, he was gone. It was heart disease.”

My story will be too long if I tell you our grief. In the midst of it we knew that he was ready, and with that thought comforted ourselves.

When the funeral was over, and his affairs settled, we found there remained for us only the place. So, with these three helpless ones thrown on me, I had motive enough for exertion. I had but one request. Forester would always be to me haunted by memories that were forbidden. I could work better away from it. So we sold the place and moved into the city. I found employment readily, for no foolish pride kept me from those that might have been thought below me, and slowly I worked my way up. It is seven years since, and I am still unmarried, still working for them. The boys are growing up finely, and they and mother both lean on me. And I am happy. If the deepest love of life is denied me, I have many minor ones. I have friends—my books, my work—and I am content. I have learned in these years that a disappointment is not the end of life; that one may conquer a passion and grow stronger and nobler in the conquest. If the joys of wifehood and maternity are denied me, my circle of work and influence may still be large. It is because I have outgrown my romance that I write it. To all young hearts broken, as they think, by disappointment, I send it, and say to you that there remains for you hope, love and happiness in the world, and that in this life there are many sadder things than a disappointed spinster.

George Darrington I have seen twice. He is the same blithe, courteous gentleman as of yore. Fortune has smiled on him. Whether or no he is happy, I cannot tell. Whether, indeed, he loved me best and married Miss Leyper for her money, or loved her truly, only turning to me as a brighter fancy, I do not know. I am happy without him.

TOO LATE.

BY EMILY SANBORN.

"A FAITHFUL wife, an affectionate mother a true friend." Such were the words spoken of one who had just passed away from the busy scenes of life, one who had been taken from the bosom of her family in the flush and strength of her youth; prostrated by sudden disease, and then, after weeks of weary pain, called home.

It was a solemn scene, those funeral services for the dead. The darkened church, the coffin resting before the altar, the group of tearful mourners, with the husband and father and the two little ones who had claimed her loving care and protection.

Mournfully, sadly the funeral dirge broke the stillness, but Herbert Lee sat with bowed head and agonized feelings. The words of the good pastor had left an impression upon his mind never to be effaced. They followed him as he went back to the dreary solitude of his now silent house, and when he took his babes in his arms, striving to soothe their childish cries, they came to him with three-fold distinctness. A faithful wife, ah! Nellie had always been that. Never could he, in the years of their married life, which had passed so swiftly, recall a single instance of unkindness, or disregard of his wishes. Had not his life been made brighter, happier, stronger, through her presence and her influence? Was not hers the loving word, the tender smile, the ready hand, giving comfort and hope, in every hour of dependency and trouble? Had she not always been faithful, affectionate and true? But how had it been with him? Could he answer his own heart this question? And yet Herbert Lee had never been considered an unkind man in his household. He was only like too many others, thoughtless and careless. He had loved his own ease and comfort too well to be willing to sacrifice much for the happiness of another, even though that one were the wife of his bosom and the mother of his children. After a few months of wedded life, Nellie had learned to bear this neglect silently and uncomplainingly, though her cheek grew paler and her form more shadowy. How many a long, cheerless evening she had sat alone, with only her books for companions, when Herbert was at the club; but when the hours of gayety were over, and he came home late at night, was not

the smile as bright and voice as tender, with which she welcomed him, as though his stay had been moments instead of hours? Herbert's business afforded him but few hours for recreation, but, such as they were, had they been shared freely with Nellie? Alas! one memory smote him more keenly than a two-edged sword, and he would give all he possessed could he recall it—could he live those hours over again. It was a lovely June day, and Nellie and himself had been planning a ride in the afternoon to the quiet old country town which was the young wife's home previous to her marriage, and where her only sister resided. Nellie's spirits rose with the prospect, for it was not often that her household cares permitted her to leave her home, and she looked again the bright, joyous being of her girlhood.

But before they left home, a member of the band to which the young husband belonged called to say that their company had planned an excursion down the bay, and that Herbert, who was the master-spirit upon all such occasions, must certainly be with them. Ever yielding and submissive, ever ready to sacrifice her own personal interest for the good of others, Nellie gave up the promised visit, and saw her husband depart upon the gay excursion without a murmur, although she knew that it would be long ere another opportunity would present itself for an afternoon's enjoyment. *She never saw her sister again in life*, for the next week brought the sad intelligence of her sudden death. And then Herbert regretted the course he had taken, but it was *too late*. And it was too late, now, to regret the past. Vainly might memory recall those beloved features, that beaming smile, that gentle voice; they were gone forever, and he was *alone*. Sitting in the gloomy, chill shadows of the present, folding more closely his motherless children to his heart, he felt the anguish and bitterness of that word *alone* in all its deepest force. Only one ray of comfort beamed upon his soul in that dark hour; it dwelt in the memory of Nellie's dying words—"I have found peace and rest." It came now fraught with heavenly consolation, to the afflicted mourner, the star of hope to his troubled spirit, and he could only wait until he, also, should find "peace and rest."

THE OUTLAWED NOTE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

ADELA MARSH closed the heavy cover of the desk with a sigh of relief. At last it was all settled. She could afford to give herself a little rest, now. She had cleared her dead father's name in the eye of the world. She had paid every debt, satisfied every claim, however small, and found herself alone in the world, with just five hundred dollars—her sole capital.

Well, it was small enough, perhaps, but it was a much larger fortune than she had expected to have. She thought it would have taken every cent to pay the liabilities, and that perhaps she should be forced to sell the watch and chain given her by her father. But she had been saved from the sacrifice. She prized this gift, not because of its intrinsic value, but because it had been his last gift. Only the night before he died he had fastened the chain around her neck, and kissed her as he said—"Adela, dear, keep this always to remember your poor father by."

At the time she had wondered why he said "poor father;" but afterwards she thought that perhaps he had had some dim premonition of his coming death. For before the morning dawned he was seized with apoplexy, and the next day's sunset left a flush on his dead face.

It was generally supposed that Hampson Marsh was a man of wealth; but after his death, an examination of his papers revealed the fact that many of his investments were unsafe ones, and that he was largely indebted to different parties.

Before his business could be settled, one of those great financial crises to which this country is subject swept the land, carrying destruction everywhere; and the institution were Mr. Marsh had placed the larger part of his property went down in the general crash.

And Adela knew then that if she paid off the debts she should have left only a heritage of poverty. She might have taken advantage of the law, and retained sufficient of the assets to have made her comfortable; but she was too conscientious to cheat a single creditor. No one should say that she was living on other people's money. All these debts had been legally incurred, she said; and the creditors had expected to be paid. And even to the last cent, she intended to satisfy them.

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For more than three months she had toiled at the dingy office, assisted by her father's legal adviser, Mr. Stearns, a faithful, kind-hearted old fellow, who would gladly have paid the debts out of his own pocket to have saved Adela the trouble, if he had only been able.

But at last everything was arranged. The last creditor had been paid, and Adela locked his receipt in full away in the great desk.

Stearns had gone home. She was alone, and in no hurry to go. She boarded now, and her room was just over the room of a music-teacher, and the broken-stringed piano was being tortured from morning till night. The sound annoyed Adela, and she was glad of the quiet of the little back-room office.

It was in March, and still cold enough for a fire. She moved up to the grate, and leaned back in the well-worn leather-cushioned chair, thinking. She was poor enough, and must depend on herself hereafter; but after all, she felt satisfied. I think we all have that feeling when we have done to the very best of our ability what duty requires of us.

She rose at last to go home, and then she observed a slip of folded paper lying on the floor just under the desk. She picked it up with a vague fear at her heart—why, she could not have told. It was something which had slipped from the desk without her notice. She unfolded it, but at the first glimpse of the ominous heading, the letters all swam together, and she had to sit down a moment and collect her thoughts before she could read it.

"For value received, I promise to pay Edward Romaine, or order, one thousand two hundred dollars, on demand, with interest.

"HAMPSON MARSH."

She sat still, like one who has received a sudden blow. Another debt still to settle; and she had not half money enough in the world to cancel it! Then a bright hope arose. The note was in her father's well-known handwriting; there could be no doubt as to its genuineness; but it had been in his possession; perhaps it had been paid, and he had kept the note instead of destroying it. But no. That hope was quenched almost immediately, for on turning the paper she saw the word "Copy" written across the back. It was a peculiarity

of her father's to keep copies of all the notes he gave, and indeed of every paper of any consequence.

Twelve hundred dollars! Where was the money to come from? Twelve hundred? Yes, the debt must be more than that—there was the interest. She looked at the date—*eight years back*—and a cry of joy broke from her lips. The note was outlawed! There were no indorsements of paid instalments on the back to save it, and in law it could not be recovered!

Only for a moment did this thought afford Adela any satisfaction. She remembered that honor was one thing and law another. She knew very well how that debt was incurred. She had heard her father speak of it. He had purchased goods of Mr. Romaine for several years, and at one time he had taken more than he had the money with him to pay for. Romaine was an easy sort of a man, and so the thing had run on until the note was really worthless. But her father had always intended to pay it. Not more than a year previous, Adela had heard him speak of it, and she had supposed he had seen to it at once. But she had been wrong in her conjecture.

She took her pencil and a bit of paper, and calculated the interest. She was aghast at the sum total. Almost two thousand dollars! Strange that interest will run up so! And how should she raise the amount?

Her watch and chain must go. There was no help for it now. She did not know how much the two would bring, but they ought certainly to sell for enough to pay that debt. They had cost a great deal more. The watch was set with diamonds, and the chain had a diamond brooch with an emerald cluster in the centre.

She took out the watch, and kissed it tenderly, with tears in her eyes. Then she put on her hat and sack, and went up to Bird & Cassell's, the great jewelry store at the corner. Mr. Bird had been a friend of her father's, and she took him aside and showed him the articles.

"They are very valuable," he said, looking them over; "but surely you do not wish to dispose of them?"

"Yes, sir; that was my object in calling here." And she stated briefly the reason why she wanted two thousand dollars.

"My dear Miss Marsh," said Mr. Bird, "I must admire your integrity, but at the same time, under the circumstances, I should advise you to let the matter remain just as it is. Edward Romaine is dead, and his son has succeeded him in the business. He is rich enough

to give away twenty such notes, and has probably never thought of recovering this debt. I would do nothing more about it."

"My father desired to pay it," said Adela, firmly; "and although it is outlawed, it does not alter the fact that the obligation remains undischarged. What will you give me for the watch and chain?"

"I will give you two thousand for the watch," said the jeweller, "and you can keep the chain."

The bargain was concluded, and Adela went to tell Mr. Stearns of what she had done, and to get young Mr. Romaine's address.

Mr. Stearns approved of her plan; but still he said he did not suppose it was one which would ever be generally adopted; and after awhile he hunted up the address. Mr. Gilbert Romaine, No. —, Broadway, New York.

"That's his place of business," said Mr. Stearns; "but here's a card with the number of his residence; perhaps you had better send the draft there."

Mr. Gilbert Romaine sat at ease in one of the splendid parlors of his handsome up town residence one drizzly April evening. He was a very fine-looking young man of twenty-eight or thirty; but just now his face wore an expression of *ennui*, which detracted somewhat from its good looks.

"Heartless! every one of them!" he ejaculated to himself, for he had no other audience, if we except a greyhound lying asleep on the hearth-rug. "Now, I *did* think Lucille Gramont was made of different material; but it seems I was mistaken. Here she has gone and made poor Atherton wretched, just because that brainless Booseth happens to have a few thousands more! I wonder if there is an honest, single-minded woman in the whole world?"

"What's that about women?" asked his sister Claribel, sweeping into the room radiant in silk and jewels.

"Oh, nothing," yawned Romaine.

"Don't fib," said she, stooping to kiss his cheek. "Come, Gilbert, do stir yourself. We shall be late at Mrs. Fanshane's. And it is going to be *the* ball of the season."

"They are all *the* balls, Bella," and he drew her down on his knee as he spoke. "I had rather stay here with you, dear—"

"Oh, nonsense! Gilbert, you ought to have a wife to pet. See there! you have mussed my puffed undersleeves shockingly. Don't, Gilbert!" as he stole another kiss; "my hair will be ruined, and Florine spent full an hour crimping it!"

"And it looks like a respectable colored person's, Bella, dear," said Gilbert, teasingly, and receiving a box on the ear for the somewhat equivocal compliment. "Ah, here comes the mail! let me just glance over my letters, and I am at your service."

There were several of them—all in buff envelopes except one. And that was superscribed in a lady's hand. Gilbert looked the others over carelessly, and took up this last one with a little feeling of curiosity. He did not know the writing, and he had no female correspondents. He broke the seal, and a draft on a country bank fell out. There was a brief note accompanying—stating the facts of the case, and asking Mr. Romaine to return the bond which he held against the late Hampson Marsh—and also to receipt the undersigned for amount inclosed. The "undersigned" was Adela Marsh.

Romaine had to tax his memory a long time before he could recall anything about the matter. Then he remembered having at some time seen among his father's papers a note with the name of Marsh at the bottom. But he had noticed that it was outlawed, and had thought no more about it.

Well, here was an exhibition of honesty in a woman which was decidedly refreshing. He remained silent so long, thinking it over, that Claribel got out of patience, and wanted to know if he intended going to Mrs. Fanshane's, or reading prosy letters?

"Pardon me, dear," he answered, rousing himself. "I have been surprised by the contents of one of these letters. An old debt has been paid which I had given up long ago. Here, Claribel, I'll give you the draft for pin-money. I suppose St. John will be close as a miser with you."

"Thank you," said Claribel, blushing rosily at the mention of the man to whom she was so soon to be wedded. "St. John is a prince!"

"I only hope you will think so ten years after the honeymoon is over," said Gilbert, and went up to his room to make some alterations in his dress, before presenting himself at the house of the aristocratic Mrs. Fanshane.

It was a little curious, perhaps, seeing that Mr. Romaine always burned all his letters, that he should carry Adela's brief business communication about with him in his pocket-book. Occasionally he took it out and read it over, as if to refresh his memory. And after his house was left unto him desolate, by the departure of his sister on her bridal tour, he took to reading the letter every day; of course

he could not help feeling an interest in the writer, after following this business for a couple of weeks—or perhaps it was the interest he felt in her that prompted him to keep on reading her letter.

It was a noble thing to do! he said to himself. To pay up a debt which could never have been recovered. He thought there were not many men honest enough to do it. He hoped Miss Marsh had property enough left, so that she would never feel the loss of the paltry two thousand. He would have sent the draft back to her if he had thought of it at the time. But then Marsh was reported wealthy—so of course she had rather pay it.

Then he fell to wondering, as he had, in truth, many times before. How did she look? Was she young or old? Married? he thought not, for the name signed to the bottom of the letter was Adela Marsh.

Finally, Romaine decided to go to Parkersburg. That was where Adela lived; but then he was not going on her account. He wanted to see Fred Hardy, and Fred lived in Parkersburg. It was a little singular that during the ten years of Mr. Frederick Hardy's residence in that locality Mr. Romaine had never developed a desire to see him before.

What creatures of impulse we all are—in spite of our boasted reason and self-poise! We weigh some matter *pro* and *con*, and then a mere trifle decides us.

Romaine found Hardy delighted to see him, and Mrs. Hardy was in the same gratifying state of mind. Romaine was shown the baby, told all her cunning little tricks and antics several times over, and then Mrs. Hardy took her off to the nursery, and left Fred and Romaine to talk over old times amid the smoke of their cigars. We wonder how men who do not smoke ever get confidential? Somebody says that women are never confidential until their back hair is let down—and it is quite as certain that men are never very communicative until they get one room, at least, full of smoke.

Fred told all about his courtship, and dwelt on the virtues and graces of his Kate, and the charms of his baby, which was the only baby of the kind ever known! There never could be another like it!

Then, when Fred had talked himself out, Romaine began to inquire into the capabilities of the vicinity; and learned, after a great deal of, as he thought, skilful questioning, that Adela Marsh was one of the prettiest young ladies in town. But she was reduced to work for a living, and during the past month she had

been an operative in the Parkersburg cotton mill. She might have taught, or worked for Miss Grimes, the milliner, Fred said; but she preferred the factory. She should feel more independent.

Romaine laid awake half the night planning how he should manage to meet Miss Marsh. First he thought of visiting the mill—then of calling at her boarding-house, and claiming her acquaintance; finally he decided on the very wisest thing. He told Mrs. Hardy that he wanted to meet Miss Marsh, and she arranged it all without the least trouble. She had a tea party, and invited Adela. Fred looked on with sagacious eyes, for he had flattered himself that from the first he had known just what Romaine was "driving at." He had told Kate, in the first place, that Gilbert Romaine had not come all the way from New York without some object in view.

Mr. Romaine walked home with Adela that night, to the infinite disgust of Miss Le Forrest—the belle of the village, who had counted on the special honor of Mr. Romaine's escort for herself.

Perhaps you will think that he was hasty; but when he left Adela that night at her boarding-house, Gilbert Romaine had made up his mind in regard to a very important matter. If ever he married, his wife would be Adela Marsh.

He remained at Parkersburg so long that his partner sent for him to return, saying, that if he did not do so before long, he should look out for another partner. Romaine's reply was brief and characteristic.

"DEAR FARNHAM:—Have patience. I am looking out a new partner myself.

"ROMAINE."

Just six weeks after Romaine's arrival at Parkersburg, he was married in the little parish church, and Adela Marsh was the bride. Her husband's presents to her were munificent and costly, but more than anything else she prized the watch given her once by her father—sold to save his honor, and restored to her now by one she loved better than life.

A GENTLE HINT.—Elder Knapp, speaking of long prayers, once said: "When Peter was endeavoring to walk upon the water to meet his Master, and was about sinking, had his supplication been as long as the introduction to one of our modern prayers, before he got through it he would have been fifty feet under water."

SWALLOW'S NEST IN CHURCH.

The *Inverness Courier*, Scotland, tells this incident:

IN a parish church, on the west coast, there is to be seen at present a rather curious and interesting sight—namely, a swallow's nest attached to the cornice of the upper wood-work of the pulpit. The birds having discovered that there was ready ingress and egress by a small movable pane in one of the windows, left open during the summer for ventilation, took advantage of the circumstance to explore the building, and, being satisfied upon the whole with their survey, they commenced their operations with all diligence; and on a certain Sabbath, when the minister and congregation had assembled, lo! the nest was finished; nor did the swallows seem at all put about or greatly disturbed by the presence of the people, the eloquence of the preacher, or even the singing of the psalms, which, if anything, one would think, should have startled them. The minister ordered the nest to be left unharmed and its builders in undisturbed possession of their "clay biggin." In due time a brood of young ones made their appearance, which are now nearly full-fledged, and no doubt will soon, piloted by their parents, pass through the open window-pane into that light and liberty which is the peculiar heritage of the race. On a recent Sunday the minister admirably improved the occasion; for, with special reference to the circumstances, the swallows flying in and out with a homely twitter that made every allusion to them tell with particular force, he preached an eloquent sermon, taking as his text our Saviour's beautiful words—"Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings? and not one of them is forgotten before God;" and very appropriately concluding with the singing of the verses of the 84th Psalm, beginning—

"How lovely is Thy dwelling-place,
O Lord of Hosts, to me!
The tabernacles of Thy grace
How pleasant, Lord, they be!

"Behold, the sparrow findeth out
A house wherein to rest;
The swallow, also, for herself
Hath purchased a nest;
Ev'n Thine own altars, where she safs
Her young ones forth may bring;
O Thou Almighty Lord of Hosts,
Who art my God and King."

The people at once took up the reference, and were delighted.

MARRYING A MINISTER.

BY MRS. EMMIE L. GRIFFITH.

"SO you are going to marry a minister, Carrie, after all?"

There was a tone of disappointment in the words which made Carrie look up quickly, and stopped the fair fingers which were busily embroidering the wedding slippers of her beloved.

"Why, Kate, what has the profession to do with the man I love?"

"Much, every way, as you will find out before you have been domesticated in Rockdale parsonage a year. I never thought it of you, Carrie, to go and immure yourself in a little dungeon of a country place, where you will have to talk to the women of their 'help,' how 'awful hard' it is to get a good girl; and to their husbands of the 'weight of pork,' and the 'prospect for crops'—conversation quite worthy of the intellectual and gifted Caroline Dalton!" and the haughtily-curved mouth of the speaker took on a deeper scorn.

"I'll get an invoice of new books before your yearly visit, Kate, so as to have some talking matter on hand when you come." Carrie went on quietly with her sewing.

"Books, indeed!" retorted her impulsive companion. "Do you ever expect to get time for reading in that bee-hive? Poor innocent! How little you know!"

"Don't think I am going out of the world, Kate; besides, Howard Willoughby can command salary enough to keep me a servant, I hope."

"Oh! certainly," was replied by the provoking girl in her most teasing manner, as she seated herself at Caroline Dalton's feet and looked up in her face, with the imp of mischief peeping out from every lineament. "And how much better do you think that is going to make it for you? Simply this—it will be, 'Mrs. Willoughby, come to see us; we shall expect you to do the visiting, as you keep a girl and have nothing to do.' And so, after you have made the tour of the one hundred and ninety-nine parishioners who have said this, and think now you can have a little leisure, and get your system built up after the toilsome round, will come cries from all points, 'Really, Mrs. Willoughby, you are not at all social; you have been here four or five months, and only been to see us once! Now I should think with your little family, and a girl, too, you might drop in

often!" And so poor little Mrs. Willoughby, anxious to please the people, and so increase her husband's usefulness, tries it again, only when wearied out to hear the same complaints, and listen to them smilingly, like a martyr, for she cannot get the people to see she has anything to do. Of course they will be able to conceive of no kind of doing but physical—the idea of any intellectual labor for a woman! Baking, brewing, sewing—that is all they can imagine; if you don't do those, day in and day out, you'll have nothing to do, although you may spin your brain out writing stories half the night to increase your husband's salary."

"What a picture you do draw, Kate!"—there was a little impatience in the tone—"one might suppose you had been shut up all your life in Giant Despair's castle; but don't think to lock me in there, for I have a magic key that will open all the doors."

"Which, in this case, happens to be love?"

"Just so; am I not secure?"

"Don't you know the old adage about poverty coming in at the door and love flying out at the window?"

"I don't believe any such doctrine. It must be a love of very sickly growth that can be so easily frightened."

"Oh! you and Mr. Willoughby have doubtless taken out a patent for the improvement of the article. Well, it certainly needs mending in these degenerate days; but however perfect it may become, I hope my stars will never throw the spell over me when in the neighborhood of a minister, even should he be as handsome and smart as the Rev. Howard Willoughby."

Kate walked to the window and commenced drumming on the pane, and watching the great snowflakes as they came quivering down on the dark earth. But despite her assumed calmness, she often stole a quick glance at Miss Dalton, who sat by the fireside with idle fingers—a thing unusual for her—and a shade of deeper gravity on her thoughtful brow. She was startled by a light hand on her shoulder, and, looking up, noticed her friend's eyes, usually filled with laughter, now shaded over by tears.

"Forgive me, Carrie, if I have made you sad. I would not blot out one of those bright love-dreams of yours; my heart, too, has had

its episode." A sigh, very faint, floated from those haughty lips, but it reached Carrie, who said in unfeigned surprise—

"You, Kate, with your troops of lovers! I thought you said you were proof against Cupid?"

"So I am, now, but the past—ah! well, it is dead, of course, but I may be pardoned if I visit its grave sometimes, as I cannot help doing this morning; for I, too, was foolish enough to love a minister."

"Kate Austin! after all you have said!" But seeing the grave look in her face Carrie stopped short and said tenderly—"Tell me all about it, Kate; your confidence is sacred;" and she drew her to her old position at her feet, where, hesitating a moment, she said—

"The story may do you good, Carrie, and I'll tell you. You have heard me speak of my sister Eveline. She was a cousin of mine, and was adopted her when only four years old, both her parents being swept away in one week by an epidemic. His twin girls, he used to call us, for, though very unlike, we loved each other dearly, and our affection grew with our growth; we played together, studied together, and when we were eighteen made our entrée into society together. I remember so well how beautifully Eva looked that night; the white drapery, so becoming to her blonde complexion, flowed around her in soft, graceful folds, the hazel eyes looked darker from the joy-beams dancing over her sweet face, and the golden hair, which rippled over her white shoulders, I would allow no one to loop up but myself, and when I had fastened the drooping blue hyacinths in it carelessly, and stepped back to view the effect, 'You look angelic,' burst from my lips. 'Angels always dress in white, and wear blue hyacinths in their hair,' was the demure reply, while the little rose of a mouth was compressed into a rose-bud to keep the laugh back. I laughed, too, but had a secret conviction, all the time, the angels would not feel annoyed at the comparison. I remember, with a thrill of pleasure, I took more interest in her attire than in my own. 'She shall be the belle of the evening,' I said, fondly, and she *was*. She was soon the centre of a circle, and I forgot my part in watching the bright gleams come and go on the fair face, and in listening to the peals of laughter that came from the gay throng; at the wit that leaped from her lips as naturally as bright waters from a fountain. Presently I noticed a gentleman leave the circle with a wearied air, speak to my father, and in a moment more I

was introduced to the Rev. Hazleton Murford. I will not dwell upon that evening, save to say, of all there Mr. Murford was the only gentleman for whose good opinion I really cared. I was not jealous of Eva, but it made me proud that he had turned from her to me. His conversation showed him to be so superior to the coxcombs around me, of whose insipid talk I was heartily sick. He was a trifle grave, perhaps, but I liked him all the better for that. There was a spiritual atmosphere around him which no one within his influence could help feeling. Yet there was no cant about him; none of your religious whining, which had made me hate more than one of his profession, and yet the most worldly felt, 'There walks a Christian man,' and vice sank, abashed, from the purity it could not fail to admire. His sweet, exemplary Christian deportment won as many as his words.

"From the hour I first met him I was a different being. I felt there was something more to live for than a round of gayety. If ever the ladder, with the angels ascending and descending, was let down to me, it was then. I placed my foot on its first round, and knew I was mounting heavenward, but it will be a long way ere I reach the top, Carrie, a long way, for despite all the angels can do, I will stop, sometimes, to let fall some tears on the love which I left dead at the foot of that celestial ladder. Could I have only taken that along, the climbing would not have been so hard, it seems to me; but we all must have crosses, I suppose, to bear with us in our heavenward way, and that was mine."

Kate turned away to brush some tears that would come, and Carrie whispered—"But at the Pearly Gate the cross will vanish, and in its stead—the immortal crown."

"Yes, that has upborne me, that and the angels, for I believe there are good angels to take our hand when the toiling up is hard. I keep looking at that Pearly Gate, and gay as I seem, sometimes, I know it is left 'ajar' for me. I hardly know how it all came about, or why I was so blind. Mr. Murford was with me every day after that. We walked, we rode, we sang together, and in it all Eva mingled, for I would have her share my every joy, and before I knew it my whole heart had gone out to Mr. Murford, as it never had before to living man, and as it never can again. I must have been *very* blind; he never spoke to me of love, but I was so all-absorbed in him I never thought but that the feeling must be mutual, until one morning Eva came to me with those wondrous

eyes all ablaze with light and cheeks with dye of autumn sunset; she didn't stop to speak, but ran and buried her face in my bosom, and sobbed her joy out in delicious tears. I needed no word to tell what it meant, for from my window I had seen her and Hazleton Murford walking in the garden together, and he had left without asking for me. I don't know how it was my heart beat on through all that agony, but it did, with a dull, leaden sound like the knell for the dead. One brief, bitter struggle, and I buried it all—that bright young love, never to know a resurrection.

"No one entered into the wedding preparations so gayly as I; no one wove such webs of future bliss for the young couple, and I dressed Eva for her bridal—for him, with a smile on my lip, while the only gladness that could come to my heart again was, that she was happy. Dear, idolized Eva, how little she dreamed, in her fondness, she was walking over my crushed heart during all those days of bridal preparation! The only display of my agony was when, at parting, I said to Hazleton—'If you do not make her happy I shall kill you, for she is a part of myself.' And, truly, he could not fail to make any woman's life blessed, and she?—into all his labors she entered with a zeal too strong for her fragile constitution. Say what you will, my dear, people are exacting; and when they found Eva would enter into all the work and care of the parish equally with her husband, they let her do it, and made more and more demands upon her. Truly, she had 'nothing else to do,' which was my text at the outset of this conversation. The poor girl heard that till she began to believe it, and went from one duty to another until she could go no longer, and so, after a wedded life of three brief years, folded her hands and was at rest. Could she have had the rest when living, she might still have been with us, but now," the girl turned fiercely, and confronted Carrie with blazing eyes that made her tremble, "she lies in that cemetery; she and he, for her death crushed him. You can see the white shaft of their common grave from this window, reared by their people—a mockery of devotion! They will tremble in the judgment day, when the shortened lives of these two pure beings shall confront them——"

"Hush, Kate!" Carrie's warning hand, laid gently on her own, stopped the girl in her anger, and her old repose came back; "they did it ignorantly."

"And so you will be another victim to ignorance?"

"Not so; I shall not try to please the people, but God only. I shall try to do my duty, and nothing more nor less than that, whatever people may say. Come to Rockdale parsonage, a year hence, and see if the roses are not still blooming on my cheek, despite your gloomy prophecies."

And it was so. For many a year thereafter Kate visited the happy Carrie in her pleasant home, and learned to appreciate and love "the people" and compassionate less the minister's wife.

FOR THE BOYS.

"SIR," said a boy, stopping before a man on his cart, "do you want a boy to work for you?"

"No," answered the man, "I have no such want." The boy looked disappointed; at least the man thought so, and he asked—"Don't you succeed in getting a place?"

"I have asked at a good many places," said the boy. "A woman told me you had been after a boy; but it is not so, I find."

"Don't be discouraged," said the man, in a friendly tone.

"Oh no, sir," said the boy, cheerfully, "because this is a very big world, and I feel certain God has something for me to do in it. I am only trying to find it."

"Just so, just so," said a gentleman who overheard the talk. "Come with me, my boy; I am in want of somebody just like you." It was the doctor, and the doctor thought any boy so anxious to find his work, would be likely to do it faithfully when he found it.

If everybody had the spirit of this little lad there would be no idlers in the world, standing on the corners, sitting in the shops, waiting for work to come to them. Work does not often come so. Almost everything worth having, like the ore in the mine, must be sought for.

If you should see a man digging in a snow-drift, with the expectation of finding a valuable ore, or planting seed on the rolling billows, you would say, at once, that he was beside himself. But in what respect does this man differ from you, while you sow the seed of idleness and dissipation in your youth, and expect the fruits of age will be a good constitution, elevated affections and holy principles?

WITHOUT duty, life is soft and boneless, it can no longer hold itself erect.

THE HOLLANDS.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE visit which launched Jessamine Holland into a new world, placed the girl secretly on her metal. Perhaps she was hardly conscious of it; but it was inevitable that a visit of this sort must prove a fine touchstone of whatever social powers were latent in her; a touchstone which would be likely, too, in subtle ways to test something of one's real moral fibre, and to enable a keen and broad observer of human nature to discern pretty accurately what sort of qualities went to the making of the whole character. To any girl brought up as Jessamine had been, this visit must prove in many ways a severe ordeal.

A soft, absolvent nature, with natural refinement of taste and feeling would have been permanently shaped and impressed by the influences which now surrounded Jessamine Holland; a stronger, coarser nature must have taken on a superficial varnish, while retaining beneath all its own strong individuality. The time had come, now, as, sooner or later, I suppose it comes to all of us, to test what power was in this girl—what sort of a woman had come at last out of the shadowed childhood, the lonely, defrauded youth; and when these tests came in forms she looked not for, her own deeds are her witnesses for good or for evil.

At any rate, the Walbridges, who ought to be good judges in these matters, came to the conclusion that Jessamine would be worth patronizing, which a shy, commonplace girl would hardly have been; not that they shut their intentions in a word, which has something offensive about it; they disguised all that under graceful terms of hospitality and courtesies. They had, however, an instinct that Miss Holland would be interesting, and might create a sensation which would redound more or less to their own glory.

So, far and near circulated the story of Duke's rescue from drowning by Ross Holland, making of the latter quite a grand hero, and, of course, investing his sister with a certain atmosphere of romance and interest. People always like to hear new stories; and this one had a charm of peril and intrepidity which attracted every one. And so Jessamine Holland produced quite a sensation in the Walbridge circle. The family, too, were quite willing that everybody should

discern their sense of obligation to the sister of Duke's preserver. It gave them a certain social prominence which was gratifying, and the feeling was one which everybody must approve.

So, within two or three days after Jessamine's arrival, everybody had heard the story of her acquaintance with the family; and, meanwhile, that young lady herself was making her first acquaintance with the city, having daily rides, and little shopping expeditions, and visits to the picture galleries, and to whatever else was famous or interesting in the city.

She expressed her delight rather more energetically to Eva than to any of her sisters; but the young girl's answer dashed cold water upon Jessamine's enthusiasm.

"Oh, we haven't anything in town worth showing at all; but you should go to New York or Boston, Miss Jessamine. There you'll see something in pictures and statuary."

Jessamine wondered if she should ever have such a good fortune as that; and then she thought of the time when Ross was to return from the Indies with the fortune he had made, and they would not only go to all the great cities, but visit the Falls, and the mountains, and the Mammoth Cave.

But that was a long time to look ahead, and, meanwhile, she must make the most of what she had now. A very few thousands, in Jessamine's eyes, was to make the grand fortune for Ross and herself; most men and women would have smiled with a good-natured contempt over it; but then Jessamine had been educated in a very stern school of economy, and she knew just how far a little money would go; how much comfort, grace, luxury it would afford, which is a great thing for anybody to learn wisely.

In two or three days the girl made her entrance into society, at a grand party—a sort of opening of the season. The whole thing was so entirely strange and interesting to her, that Jessamine quite forgot herself in the bustle of preparation at the household.

She was bending, in breathless delight, over a basket of flowers which had been ordered for the occasion, when Mrs. Walbridge, who was discussing with her daughters some of the details of the evening toilet, turned suddenly to

Jessamine with—"My dear Miss Holland, perhaps you will like Katy to dress your hair for the evening? She has a wonderful art at doing those things well."

"Thank you, Mrs. Walbridge," answered the soft, steady voice, which they all had learned to recognize now; "I am always in the habit of dressing my own hair, and I always wear it in one way, so I will not trouble Katy."

Of course this left nothing more to be said; but Jessamine was only well out of hearing when Gertrude spoke. "I wonder what she will wear this evening. In all our talk over our dresses, to-day, she has not said one word about her own. I wanted to ask her, but I was afraid it would seem a little like taking a liberty, though everybody talks freely over such things."

"She can't have much of a variety to choose from in that small trunk of hers," added Edith. "Why I should no more think of going to New York to pass a week on a wardrobe that could be stowed in such small quarters than I should of undertaking a journey to the moon."

"No, I should think not, Edith, from the amount of trunk-room you manage to occupy," added her mother, who considered Edith's views regarding dress rather extravagant, even for so rich a man's daughter as Mason Walbridge.

"Well I have a kind of feeling that, whatever Miss Holland puts on she will look well in it," added Gertrude. "Some people have a gift in that way." And from this general remark the discussion of particulars was resumed again.

An hour later, Jessamine Holland came down stairs in her dress of white alpaca, terminating in a soft frill of lace about her throat, which dropped in a fine, gauzy scarf over her shoulder.

Not an ornament did she wear; the poor child had none, except the little gold brooch at her throat, which had been her birth-day gift from Ross. She had twined a few cape-jessamines in her hair that Eva had brought her fresh from the conservatory that morning "for her mamma's sake," the child playfully said.

The white clusters drooped like stars through the dark hair, and there she stood among the richly dressed group, with their lustrous silks, their glitter of jewels, their glow of color, and I think the eye of any true artist would have rested longest, and with a certain fine delight, on the cool, quiet figure of the girl. Of course she underwent a minute inspection on all sides, and then Mr. Walbridge and Duke came down

stairs to join the ladies; for the carriages were waiting.

"A party is Duke's absolute abhorrence," said Gertrude, confidentially, to Jessamine. "He's been more amiable over the prospect of this one than I ever knew him. When he's particularly cross we always know a party is impending."

The young man's eyes took in the group standing in the front hall; a picture of youth, grace, bloom, such as one, it seemed, might never tire of beholding. He had a fine discernment of beauty wherever he found it, and his thoughts, stirred by the sight, went thus to his own soul—"A 'very dream of fair women.' How all that glow of color dazzles one, like the light in some of those still Eastern sunsets I used to love! How like a water-lily she looks among the others! white, still, graceful, as though she had been gathered up suddenly from the broad, slow current where her life had ripened, silent and serene, into a great white purity and fragrance, and the dew is on her still, and the sunlight!"

If Duke could have looked at these thoughts of his, printed in a book, he would have been mortally ashamed of them; but, I suppose, Duke Walbridge was not alone in that matter.

People are apt to be in a good humor going to parties. These flowed down the steps, full of merry excitement, so the carriages rolled over the drive, and, a little later, Jessamine Holland made her first entrance into fashionable life.

Late the next morning, the family met to discuss the party in what Edith, rather ambitiously, termed her "boudoir."

"I really think she made quite a sensation," said one of the girls. "There is something peculiar and attractive about her, and people like anything which is not the cut-and-dried pattern one always meets at parties."

"Duke spoke through you, then," laughed Edith. "But I think the interest Miss Holland created is partly owing to that matter of Duke's, which everybody has heard of by this time."

"Undoubtedly," said her mother; "I had to repeat the incident at least a dozen times, myself, during the evening. Still, I must admit that Miss Holland did herself remarkable credit for a young person who had seen so little of the world."

"She is a kind of a riddle, anyhow," added Gertrude. "I watched her curiously, last evening, for I knew she had never been at a grand party before in her life. Yet she carried

herself through it without a solitary blunder of any kind; and really there were several gentlemen who were interested in her. She doesn't dance or play; but she does talk well, and she does look remarkably pretty when she is animated. Did you observe her while she was conversing with those gentlemen at the supper-table?"

"I did," replied Edith.

"Well, there was more than one gentleman who was struck with her. Really, mamma, now, the best thing we could do for Miss Holland would be to get her a rich husband this winter. We should feel then that we had done something for her in our turn, and it would pay off part of the debt. I do hope somebody will fall in love with her."

"I should be exceedingly gratified, my dear, at anything which would advance Miss Holland's welfare; but, Gertrude, I do not like to hear you speak as though riches was the only desirable quality in a husband."

"I did not mean that, mamma; but you know how important they are, especially for a young lady in Miss Holland's circumstances."

"I was telling over the story of Duke's drowning to some young girls last evening," said the younger but one of the girls, "and they all insisted that it would be such a delightful romance in real life, for Duke to marry the sister of his preserver; in fact, that it was the proper thing for him to do."

"Oh, nonsense," said Mrs. Walbridge. "Girls will say all manner of foolish things."

"I thought, last night," said Gertrude, "that she made almost everybody else seem overdressed, she looked so pure, and white, and noiseless, like a kind of snow-drift, and yet it was nothing but a white alpaca, after all; but it seemed as though nothing else would suit Miss Holland."

"It's my opinion she has had little chance of trying variety. White alpacas are inexpensive, you know, and seem especially designed for people who can't afford to wear colors. It's my private opinion, that Miss Holland's party wardrobe is confined to that and her black silk dress," said Edith.

"Well, anyhow, she looks like a real lady in them; and you can't say that of everybody who wears velvet and diamonds," put in Eva.

"Nothing would afford me more pleasure than to make some additions to Miss Holland's wardrobe; but that is a delicate matter," said Mrs. Walbridge, who had already discerned that all patronage of Jessamine Holland must be skilfully managed.

"But, mamma, you know Christmas is close at hand, and each of us then can give Miss Holland something nice," again suggested Eva, whose tongue always bore its share in the family conclave.

"That is a bright idea, my little daughter. We will have an especial reference to what will be of most service to Miss Holland in our selection of Christmas gifts."

Meanwhile the subject of all this talk sat in her chamber, for Mrs. Walbridge had very considerably insisted that Miss Holland, after her late hours should take her breakfast in her own room.

Jessamine Holland sat there, her head resting upon her hand, thinking over her last night. What a new world it was into which she had had a glimpse; a world of gayety, splendor, luxury, that seemed like a fairy's vision to her. She thought, too, and the smile grew about her lips and a glow came into her cheeks, of all the flattering attentions she had received. She was no angel, as I have told you before, moving amidst others with sweet unconsciousness or lofty indifference to any admiration she might receive. On the contrary, Jessamine Holland had a large share of approbation, and was keenly alive to the opinions of those around her. She had made her *entrée* at the grand party with a great many flutterings of heart; but before the evening was over she had found that she possessed some latent forces which she had never suspected in herself. She had felt their awakening as she stood in the midst of that group of men and women, conscious that they looked and listened with a pleased surprise of admiration. She lived all that over now in a few moments, and the flash in her eyes was the flash of newly awakened vanity.

It was a dangerous time for Jessamine Holland. It always is for a woman when she first learns that she possesses some subtle power of attraction for men and women. The delicate head poised itself with a new pride, there was a new triumph in the smile that curved the red lips. The future was before her; also. In its intoxicating atmosphere there was the homage of men, the envying admiration of women, the dazzling illusions of youth and vanity. The conquests which her charms should win, the triumphs which her arts should achieve, spread themselves before her. If there were pitfalls along that path, how could she know it with the flowers growing gayly along their brink?

Yet, suddenly, in the midst of all the flash and glow of the moment, the city clock struck

the loud chimes, one after another rolling out their silvery waves into the silence.

It started the girl walking up and down the room in the charmed atmosphere of her fancies, and a new gravity came into her face.

It brought back to her the old, rust-tinted cottage, the wide, pleasant kitchen where, at that very hour, she used to guide the slow passage of those two tow-headed boys down the alphabet. It was painful work at the best. She used to lose her patience sometimes—though their mother or the boys themselves never suspected this—remembering how nimbly Ross and she had sailed down the current of those letters.

Other thoughts slip in behind this last memory. She sees the old childish home, and the father dreams about the house and the mother's pale face looks worried and scared. She remembers the nights when she and Ross cuddled over the bit of fire, and went supperless to bed and tried to think they were not hungry; and how she cried to herself, one night, softly, her head hidden away in the pillow, because she had read that people sometimes lived a week without food, and that it would take such a long time for her and Ross to starve, and mamma had said they must all do that before they could beg.

The tears came into her eyes, now, thinking of those dreadful times, and she glances around the handsome chamber, at the silver and china breakfast-service on the table. If she could only have looked forwards to all this, and seen herself here, how much it would have seemed like Cinderella's slipper, and all that came of it.

The pride has all gone, and a soft tremulousness has come around her lips instead.

She sits down, now, and the "long, long thoughts" of her youth come again, not as before.

"Jessamine Holland, for shame!" they say to her. "Are these the things to delight your soul? Is this the womanly ideal you will go seeking after? Will you set no higher aim before you than the homage and flattery of men, the praise and envy of women?"

"Take all the comfort and pleasure that is the right of your youth in this new life that has come to you. But, beyond that, see that your soul possesses itself in courage and strength, in sweetness, and gentleness and truth. If you are happier, seek, also, by so much, to be better.

"If you find that you have new powers to attract and influence others, remember, always, that God has left these in trust with you. You know you are vain, Jessamine Holland, and

that admiration is very sweet to you. See to it, now, that it does not eat into your sincerity and simplicity. Try and not think too much of the impression you are making on others, and a little more of the good you may do to them—of the happiness you may confer upon them.

"Many sharp sorrows have taught you their wisdom, and though you are in the midst of the days of your youth, you know these do not stand still, but slip and slip as the waves of the river do going to the sea.

"Keep faith with your youth, oh, Jessamine Holland!"

So her thoughts spoke to this girl, and her soul stood still and listened. Afterwards, in the press and burden of life, other voices came and sang sweetly to her soul. Whether she listened and heeded again, I leave her own life to tell.

CHAPTER IX.

"They were all too old for a Christmas-tree, now, with its wax tapers and sugar-flowers," Mrs. Walbridge averred, with half a sigh and half a smile, looking at her family of big girls and bigger boy. But after breakfast the household went, in high spirits, into the library, which had been for the last two or three days the scene of many private conferences, and the key of which Mrs. Walbridge had sedulously kept from all but privileged fingers. The whole programme was, of course, entirely new to Jessamine Holland, and she enjoyed it with the keen relish of novelty.

In one corner, on a table, was a huge pyramid of packages of all sizes, in white wrappings, with cards attached.

Duke took the post of honor, on one side, and his mother the opposite one, while the latter read the names on the cards and the former distributed the packages to their respective owners, amidst little shrieks of curiosity and delight.

The whole thing was altogether new to Jessamine Holland. She enjoyed the scene with a keener relish, though all its color and brightness lay against a background of other Christmas mornings in the girl's memory, some of them gloomy and sorrowful enough, but some of them bringing the marvellous wonder and delight of a china doll in a painted cradle, stuffed into the toe of her stocking, or a little box of small dishes with pewter spoons, and a row of wooden soldiers or a spinning-top for Ross. Her head is all astir and tremulous with those old, plaintive memories, and though

she laughs with the others, she is not quite certain but that she wants to run away and cry.

She starts suddenly, for somebody calls her name, and the next moment something tumbles into her lap—a large, soft, long package, which she sits a moment staring at helplessly, in a way which amuses everybody.

"Let me help you, Miss Holland," says Eva, coming to the rescue; for it is the fashion to speedily divest every gift of its wrappings, and expose it for general inspection and admiration.

Jessamine's fingers were dreadfully awkward that morning; but Eva's snapped the cords gayly, and rustled away the papers, and lo! a silk fabric of a soft, rich, lustrous brown, dark and quiet, and yet with a certain glow and warmth about it, as though it had just escaped a flood of sunlight. The texture was of the very richest and heaviest. Jessamine Holland could not imagine herself in anything of that sort; yet one gifted with a true discernment in such matters would have seen it was just suited to her face and figure.

"Why, is this really for me?" half fancying there must be some mistake.

"Why, of course it is," went Eva's prompt, silvery little tongue. "Don't you see there's papa's name, too, on the card. That's his Christmas gift. Isn't it beautiful?" shaking up the rich folds in the light.

Before Jessamine could draw her breath freely again, another package tumbled into her lap; a small one this time, but you felt instinctively there was something very nice and dainty inside of it. Eva's fingers were ready for service again, and a purple velvet case peeped out, and then, touching a spring, a lady's watch and chatelaine, chaste and simple as possible, and as exquisite, too, flashed up into the eyes of Jessamine Holland. She could not speak a word. Eva took up the card and read it—"Ross Holland, through his friend, Duke Walbridge."

That was Duke's way of making his Christmas gift; then such a gift, too, and such a way, giving the beautiful watch a double value!

Jessamine tried to speak; but if she had uttered a word, its path lay right through a sob, and in all the strong feeling of the moment she felt she must not lose herself before those people. But thick tears were in the eyes she flashed up to Duke Walbridge, and he took in all they said to him at that moment.

Afterwards there were other things fell into Jessamine's lap; a brooch from Mrs. Walbridge—a rare Florentine mosaic in a rich setting of gold, and some costly laces from Edith,

and pretty and tasteful things from the girls. Each one had remembered the sister of Ross Holland on this Christmas morning, and though each gift had, no doubt, been selected with a certain reference to her wants, and would have an immediate serviceable value to her; still the most delicate sensitiveness could not be pained at the character and time of the gift.

When it was all over, the girl tried to stammer out some thanks to the givers; but Duke interrupted her with some unusual feeling and earnestness in his voice. "Ah, Miss Jessamine, it is not for you to talk about paltry gifts; it is for us to remember that if it had not been for you and yours we should not to-day be the unbroken Christmas household we are!"

If there was any danger of the Walbridges forgetting, in the light of their favors, that they were the debtors, Duke took care to hold the fact before their eyes in the way most certain to keep their remembrance vivid, and to relieve Jessamine from any overwhelming sense of obligation which was heavy enough at the lightest. She had her cry, though, all alone to herself, up stairs that day, when she went up to dress for the Christmas dinner. How good it was to be alone, after all!

There lay the beautiful things on the bed, worth more than all she possessed in the world. What would Ross say to see them? He would be thinking, now, of the old home Christmases under that tropical sun, with the moist, heavy fragrance of Eastern groves all around him. As the slow winds slipped among the great plantain leaves, as the sweet, mournful songs of the natives at their work rose, and quivered, and died in the sultry stillness, would he think longingly of the cold Christmas mornings at home—of the snows on the hills and the skatings on the river, and of the little sister who clung to him, half in terror, half in delight, in her brown cloak and bit of a pink hood, out there on the ice?

But she struggled out of all these memories into the present. There was so much to be thankful for this Christmas. She had never felt so tenderly towards the Walbridges collectively, as she did at that moment. Every day she said to herself, in a half chiding fashion—"How kind, how good they all are."

Yet, for all that, the heart of Jessamine Holland held itself back from these people who lavished their favors upon her. Motherless, lonely girl though she was, she could never have gone to Mrs. Walbridge with any vital joy or grief. The soft, measured tones, the very smile forbade that. A feeling that she

must be always on her guard, that she was watched, and scrutinized, clung, uncomfortably, to Jessamine, whenever she was in the presence of the lady and her daughters. It neutralized, to a large degree, Jessamine's happiness in the elegant home. She was never just at her ease except when she was with Duke and Eva.

The child had taken an ardent liking to Jessamine. She was always certain to be at the girl's side in the drawing-room, and in their walks and rides.

Jessamine, too, was singularly fond of the youngest of the household. With Duke and Eva she was thoroughly at home, and she found her highest enjoyment in those times when they three gathered themselves in a corner, away from the others, and had their evenings together.

Then Jessamine Holland was mostly herself—herself as not even Ross or Hannah in the old home, knew her. All her thoughts were alive and alert with Duke Walbridge, and yet she was less a talker than a listener.

All his travels and experiences opened to her the gates of a new world. She went everywhere with him in these talks. She stood in the awful silences of the desert, under the vast shadows of the pyramids; she floated with him, in long, slumberous, sunny days, down the Nile; she gazed, rapt and struck, upon those vast Gothic cathedrals, whose awful mystery of power and genius were revealed only to the Middle Ages; she hung upon pictures, whose trances of glory have enriched the nations, and she learned some of their grand meanings of form and color; she toiled up wild, snow-bound fastnesses of the Alps; she dropped down in the nest of green valleys hung among the mountains; she gathered grapes which poured themselves, in heaps of purple foam, along the hills; she heard the songs of the Tuscan peasant-girls ring, in their silvery sweetness, through the golden sunset air; she swung in Venitian gondolas, over the black waters, and heard the slow dip of the boatman's oar break the delicious silence; and she came back, at last, from all these scenes with her whole soul stirred into living power and beauty in her face, starting new depths in the brown, shining eyes, quivering about her lips in a new sweetness, whether of smiles or pathos, and flushing her cheeks with a bloom like that of clouds before the sunrise.

But the talk slipped everywhere, like summer winds, coming and going at their own sweet will. The sunny deeps of the girl's na-

ture would flash out, in mirth and playfulness, with a certain quaint originality through all giving it a character of its own; then a sudden gravity would steal into her face, and the shadows would fall into her talk, as they never do into those who have not thought and felt strongly, whether the souls be old or young.

It was strange, too, into what grave topics the talk had a tendency to stray, sometimes. Neither Duke Walbridge nor Jessamine Holland had those sort of natures which are always content to dwell in the surfaces of things. All the wide circles of human thought and life had a keen interest for both the young souls, and Jessamine, in her lonely home among the hills, as well as Duke, in his wanderings over half a planet, had pondered deeply the profound mysteries which underlie all being here—the silent Past, from which we came; the solemn Present, with which we deal; the awful Future, to which we go.

And, in one way and another, these thoughts came out in the talk, sometimes on the man's side, sometimes on the woman's, but, in either case, they were sure to be met by sympathy of kindred thought and doubt. Each had battled with the same perplexity; each understood the feeling of the other. Fragments of this talk floated, sometimes, through the hum, in another part of the room, and, after the manner of girls, his sisters rallied Duke mercilessly on the matter, when Miss Holland was out of hearing.

"Duke has, at last, found a young woman after his heart," said Gertrude, merrily. "I caught a few scraps of their talk, last night, but, dear me! it was entirely too recondite for ordinary mortal's ears. I caught something about the old Brahmin's search after truth, and the Greek philosophers; about Ahrimanes, and Oromasdes, and retired in dismay. No doubt it was highly edifying and sublime for anybody who has a fancy to dwell on Mount Olympus, among the gods; but my ambition is humbler. What a dreadful blue-stocking Miss Holland must be to relish that kind of discourse!"

A laugh went around the circle, for Gertrude could say very bright things, and, when she was in a good humor, they never stung.

"Well," answered Duke, whom none of his own household ever yet put down, "it is a comfort to find, at last, such a thing as a really sensible girl, one who cares to talk about something but dress, flirtations, and fripperies of that sort."

"Oh, well, Duke, youth must have its day," answered Mrs. Walbridge. "Because you

happened to enjoy an argument on the science of government before you were out of small clothes, it is by no means fair to expect that everybody else must."

"I think you are putting my precocity rather strongly, mother," answered the young man, who perfectly comprehended her secret pride in the matter. "Rattle boxes and rocking-horses, certainly divided my affections with all profounder matters at the period of which you speak."

"As for Miss Holland's being a blue-stock-ing, it isn't one word of it true," subjoined Eva. "If you could only hear her when she's funny, you'd never say that of her again."

Eva's admiration of Miss Holland was an accepted fact in the family; indeed, it was, somehow, tacitly understood that Miss Holland was in some especial way the property of Duke and his youngest sister.

It may seem singular that Mrs. Walbridge, with all her worldly wisdom, had no fears of the results to which such an intimacy might lead. In any other case she would have been watchful enough; but Jessamine was Ross Holland's sister, and in this light she fancied Duke regarded her. She was, in some sense, especially his guest. Whatever attentions he paid her, Mrs. Walbridge regarded them as offered for the brother's sake. His very gratitude would cause him to invest the girl with graces of person and character, and perhaps the unacknowledged consciousness that something was wanting in her own feeling towards Jessamine Holland made Mrs. Walbridge peculiarly indulgent towards the intimacy of her son and her guest. She did not really admit it to herself; but perhaps she did not the less feel that her complacency here made ample atonement for whatever was lacking in herself.

Then, too, no ordinary conventional rules suited the present case. Duke's acquaintance with the Hollands had been made under peculiar circumstances, and must always be of an exceptional character. The gratitude which he felt towards Ross was, no doubt, the secret of his liking for the sister, and it would not become the mother to prevent their being so constantly thrown together. Everybody in the house seemed to regard the matter from Mrs. Walbridge's point of view; so Duke, and Jessamine, and Eva went riding, sleighing, walking together. There was nothing worth seeing in the city to which the young man did not introduce their guest; and when they were not out themselves, or there was no company at home the trio often had the evening almost to

themselves. Then Mrs. Walbridge's mind was unusually preoccupied at this time. Edith had several lovers to be regarded, and the mother began to suspect the choice to which her eldest daughter inclined.

It was evident, too, that Miss Holland had taken in society, and Mrs. Walbridge hoped before the winter was over that the young lady might make some eligible match, and intended to use all her influence for the furtherance of this scheme, the lady having no small tact in such matters. That would pay off, as well as one could, her son's debt, and with an elegant wedding under her roof to conclude the matter handsomely, and a rich trousseau, Mrs. Walbridge would feel that she had done all that could be demanded of her.

As for Duke, he had been just like nobody else from his birth. His mother did not think him particularly susceptible to youthful charms. Indeed, like the girls, she very much doubted whether he would not be an old bachelor. So the mother reasoned, not unlike most mothers, perhaps.

Jessamine Holland, up stairs, dressed herself, as I said, with some new warmth of feeling towards all the Walbridges that Christmas day. There lay the beautiful gifts on the bed, and every few moments she turned to look at them with smiles coming into her eyes, and tears, too, now and then. How much thought and kindness each gift proved, and how much delicate taste and tact each showed, too! Everything was just what she wanted, and just what she could not bny. She was an ungrateful thing, to stand aloof as she did, in her heart of hearts, from those people. It was a foolish, miserable pride, not a high, generous spirit, which held her back from them all.

"And Jessamine," she said to herself, pausing a moment before she went down stairs, "you are not to think of yourself, you know, or of the impression you are making on others. That last will be very hard, because you are so fond of admiration; but while you are determined to have a good time yourself, you are to seek, also, to make one for others, while you are among them."

After dinner that evening, the family did not disintegrate into groups as early as usual. The day and its associations had some attractions which held the family together.

The winds sprang up fiercely as the night shut down, and if one listened, their cry outside was an awful thing to hear. One and another spoke of it with a little shiver. "How the wind does blow! Just hear that! It's

like the bellowing of a gale at sea!" and comments of that sort.

Inside there was nothing but glow, and warmth, and luxurious ease. Jessamine wondered if there were any homeless creatures abroad in the storm, or any cowering in miserable homes, cold and hungry, on the Christmas night, to whose souls it had brought no "glad tidings."

"Did anybody there ever think of the poor, or know there were such in God's world?" Jessamine wondered. Mrs. Walbridge did, of course, because she was the president of a benevolent society.

What a good thing money was. What a difference it made in human lots—looking on the scene before her, which was brought into stronger relief by the cold and darkness outside. They were all in their best humor to-night. Mr. Walbridge called for some music, which was rather unusual for him, and the girls played some of his favorite airs, and Duke went and sat down at his mother's feet, and laid his head in her lap as he used to do when he was a little boy, as he on very rare occasions did now. The long, loose hair hung all about her lap. She took some of it up and played with it, and stroked it fondly.

"Oh, my big boy," she said, "I used to play with it just so years ago, when you were hardly higher than my knee. I wish you were just that little boy now."

"Why do you wish that, mother? Have I disappointed you so much, growing older?"

"Oh no, not that, Duke. Still, you seemed closer to me then. I could take you up in my lap and sing to you, and be pretty certain you would not do anything I should disapprove, though you were a stubborn little rogue; you always liked to have your own way, Duke."

He lifted his brows archly; under them all the time the eyes had been smiling at the mother while she talked, with that rare tenderness in them which they only saw who knew Duke Walbridge intimately.

"Yes, I know," catching the look, "you have not outgrown that liking still. It's an odd way, Duke, but it has never yet been a bad one."

"Thank you, mother dear, for so much grace. I mean it shall never be that last; that, at least, I shall always keep faith with myself."

"I have no doubt you will, my boy. I cannot imagine your ever doing anything which would make me blush because it was unworthy of you. And yet I can fancy your doing some things which might pain and distress me deeply."

"What are some of those things?"

"Do not ask me, Duke. I am sure I cannot tell what led me to speak of them to-night."

He looked grave a moment, pondering something in his thought, and his mother said—"You have the old, wise look which I remember when you had only three or four Christmases on your head."

Mrs. Walbridge was in an unusually tender mood, and there were springs in the past that flooded her memory to-night.

"What a homely little cub I must have been among all these handsome sisters of mine," said Duke, in his bantering way. "A black sheep in the lot."

It was true that Duke's boyhood had no beauty to boast of. Even his partial mother must admit that. But she had always consoled herself with thinking that the boy made up in other directions for anything that was lacking in one.

Jessamine Holland, among the girls who were having a merry time on another side of the room, saw the tableau of the mother and son. The sight was almost more than she could bear. If Ross only had a mother that Christmas night into whose lap he could lay his head, and who would stroke his hair with her soft fingers. If he was only where she could do it a little while. Her eyes clouding with tears. It seemed so very hard that they, too, who so loved each other, must waste their youth apart.

Then she remembered the purposes she had formed up stairs, and looking down, she caught the gleam of the watch she had fastened in her belt when she came down to dinner. That started a new train of thought. The clouds cleared in her eyes, and the smiles came about her lips, and after awhile she joined in the general merriment—light, breezy talk, none of it worth writing down; and yet it sounded very pleasant with its swift gushes of laughter, and Duke and his mother, sitting apart, listened to the bright, young voices, and enjoyed them.

Jessamine bore her part in the general fun, and her playfulness seemed infectious, for even Edith, with something of the school-days she had left behind her, joined in the merriment.

Late in the evening, Duke came over to Jessamine's side. "I hope you've enjoyed all this nonsense as well as you seemed to," he said.

"Just as well. I entered into it from a by-path of very pleasant thoughts."

"I saw you smiling to yourself as you sat over there on the lounge, and I said to myself, 'Ah, Miss Jessamine, you are having some

very happy thoughts just now. I wonder what they are?"

"I will tell you, Mr. Walbridge. "I was thinking of all I should have to write to Ross about my Christmas gifts, and what a nice, long letter my next one would be. I am frequently writing Ross letters in my thoughts, and I sometimes think they are a great deal better than those I send him."

"Dear fellow! I have been wishing, more than once, that he was here among us, to-day," said Duke.

She smiled up at him, at that, a sweet, grateful smile coming out all over her face.

"I have been wondering, all day, what he was doing, and certain that he would remember the old Christmases when he and I were boy and girl at home."

"I should like to hear something about those, too," said Duke.

"There doesn't seem very much to tell. But what was wanting in the reality, Ross and I used to make up with imagining the time when we should be grown up, and have plenty of money, and could make beautiful Christmas gifts to each other.

"I remember that Ross used to fancy me tricked out in gold and jewels, until I must have resembled nothing quite so closely as the wife of some chief of Otaheite, while my ambition was to bestow horses and hounds, and a little sail-boat on him, the things in which I well knew his soul took chiefest delight."

Duke listened, but hardly spoke. All this was opening a new world to him, and the vision of those two lonely children beguiling their Christmas hours with dreams like these moved him more than Jessamine would be apt to suspect.

But something in his look or manner drew out another of these memories, its shy face beaming down to Duke a moment from out of the mists of Jessamine Holland's childhood.

"There was nothing, though, on which Ross had quite so strongly set his heart as the gold watch which I was to have as soon as the fortune came in. There was an old one in the family, a kind of heirloom, which belonged to my great-grandfather, and Ross and I were allowed to hold it in our hands sometimes, as an especial grace, when we were just outside our babyhood. That old watch had a wonderful fascination for us both, with its low ticking, that went tireless all day like the katydid's through the night, and its slow hands, which we had to hold our breaths and watch before we could be certain they were moving at all.

"The old heirloom went the way that all things of that sort did in our family; but I think neither Ross nor I ever got over our childish associations, and 'Jessamine's watch' came to be the general sign for all the air-castles in the family, and we children were not the only ones who built them.

"Ross had his joke over the thing to the last, for I remember he said to me, the day before we parted—'Well, Jessamine, I shall have to go to the East Indies for your watch, after all; but, though the way is a long one, it's shorter, in the end, than it would be to wait in New York.'"

"And I know you said something in reply, Miss Jessamine. I think I see you doing it now."

The bright, cool eyes looked up at him in their pleased, surprised way—"How do you know I said anything then?" she asked, with just a touch of that pretty peremptoriness which was her habit at the time when Jessamine had been the youngest pet of the family.

"Because it is like you to do it. I can almost imagine the very words of your reply."

"What were they?"

"I think they must have been something after this sort—'Oh, Ross! I had rather have you here than all the watches in the world!'"

She looked at him with a wide amazement in her brown eyes.—"Why, those were the very words I did say!"

He was a little surprised in his turn. "I did not expect that my bow would just hit the mark—only come somewhere near it," he said.

"But it is very funny! I don't understand it! I am half-afraid of you!" speaking under her breath, and looking at him as though she almost fancied he must be some necromancer against whose spells she must guard herself.

Her look amused him vastly. "Don't fancy I am a professor of the black art, Miss Jessamine. I come by all my presciencies by perfectly legitimate means. So it seems I have anticipated Ross in this matter of the watch. Do you think he will easily forgive me?"

"Oh, yes! I am sure he will."

"I had a right to do that, also, because you know what I promised him about taking his place in our last meeting?"

"I am sure you have fulfilled your pledge. How good you have all been to me! I never felt this quite so much as I do to-night!"

Duke looked at the girl, a moment, with something in his eyes which she did not understand. Then he spoke, in a grave, solemn tone,

utterly in contrast with the one which he had used a moment before:

"Whenever you say anything of that sort, I always seem to hear those words of Ross's stealing across your speech.—'Yes; I thought of her, little Jessamine, and then I thought perhaps you, too, had a sister at home, and plunged in.'"

She had no more to say after that, only he saw her lip quiver a moment. Just then Eva bounded up.

"What in the world is the matter with you two? You look as sober as though it was not Christmas night and it wasn't everybody's duty to be happy!"

"People may be happy and look sober sometimes. Only foolish little girls would fancy that one must be always on a high tide of joking and laughter to be comfortable."

"Oh, dear! I suppose that 'foolish little girl' was intended to quite extinguish me, Duke Walbridge; but I am not so easily put down as you may imagine."

"Experience has taught me that fact, long ago, Eva," answered the young man, with his longest face drawn on.

"Now I shan't forgive you, Duke, until you tell me what you really were thinking of when I came up," dropping herself down, a moment, on the arm of his chair. Duke smiled a moment, and glanced over to Jessamine. "There, now, Miss Jessamine! it was something about you, I am certain!" following the look.

"So it was," answered her brother. "I happened to be comparing the real Miss Jessamine with the one I had in my mind when I went up in the country, last summer, to find her."

"Oh! what was that last Miss Jessamine like? I should like to know, and so would she, I am certain."

"Yes, I should," replied Jessamine, curious and amused.

"Well, then, she was a little girl, hardly so tall or slender as you, Eva, with the roundest cheeks, and a big pink rose in each of these; and a mouth that was always ready to laugh, and a dimple on one side; and bright blue eyes; and a little, decided-looking nose, with a plentiful sprinkling of freckles all over it; and a mass of bright, yellowish hair, with a wave all through it, and a pleasant, open forehead beneath."

"Why that is not one particle like our Miss Jessamine," said Eva. "You've just drawn a ruddy, rather nice-looking little country school-girl."

"And that's precisely what I thought she

was," added Duke, while Jessamine laughed, in quiet enjoyment, over this portrait of herself.

"But what did you think when you came to see the real Miss Jessamine?" asked Eva.

"No matter what I thought, only this much: 'Well, Duke Walbridge, you've been making a great fool of yourself all the way up here!'"

"Mother! girls! it's almost midnight," said Mr. Walbridge, rousing himself from his nap and looking at his watch.

"What a strange Christmas it has been, and what a happy one!" said Jessamine Holland, a little later, in her chamber, going over the events of the day.

(TO BE CONTINUED).

WINTER.

BY MRS. M. E. ROCKWELL.

THE earth lies wrapped in her robe of snow,
Frozen, and still, and white;
The moonlight comes, and the sunbeams glow,
But she waketh not day nor night.
Clouded or starlit—moonlight or sun—
Silent and cold, her summer is done.

My heart is wrapped in robes colder than snow,
Hard, and frozen, and still:
The sunshine of love and of beauty may glow,
The moonlight its windows may fill;
Silent and cold, its summer is o'er,
The clouds or the stars—it matters no more.

Oh Earth, 'tis not Death that has folded thy bands,
And clasped them with icicles sharp and chill;
When thine early lover, the Spring shall call,
Thou wilt feel to his voice an answering thrill;
Thy forehead will burst from its bands of snow,
And welcome him back with its rosiest glow!

Oh Heart, is it Death that has chilled thy form,
And folded the snowy robe over thy breast?
Shall the spring come never with power to warm?
Is the voice that could thrill thee forever at rest?
Vainly I ask—thou art frozen and dumb.
Yet Earth does not know that her Summer will come!

CARRYING CARES.—Southey says in one of his letters: "I have told you of the Spaniard who always put on his spectacles when he eat cherries, that they might look the larger and more tempting. In like manner, I make the most of my enjoyments; and though I cannot cast my cares away, yet I pack them in as little compass as possible, and carry them as conveniently as I can for myself, and never let them annoy others."

SUNSHINE.

BY GERTIE JOHNSON.

ONCE upon a time there was a Sunbeam that wished a permanent dwelling place on earth. It was tired of flitting through the air so far to warm men's hearts, and decided to find a fitting abode, where it could do a great deal of good, and remain in one place as long as possible. So it went up and down over the earth, peeping into this place, and glancing over that, but it found that its busy sisters had visited almost every place before it, and it was about giving up in despair, when in a tiny log cottage it heard the first faint cry of a new-born infant; and leaping through the uncurtained window, almost before the lamps were blown out, it crept into the little girl's heart; and there it quietly rested, anxiously waiting for the babe to open its eyes that it might shine through.

Now in the infant's breast dwelt a frail young spirit called Life. Very delicate and tender was this Life, and the Sunbeam pitied it, and clung to it, and cheered it until they were very, very dear to each other. And the infant grew apace, and Life dwelt in its bosom, and Sunbeam shone through its eyes; and its parents looked upon it and were exceedingly rejoiced that its disposition was so sunny. And the Sunbeam warmed its little heart, and bubbled in laughter over its red lips, and played over its rosy cheeks, and played hide-and-seek among its golden curls. And it made the little feet keep time to the song it sang in the happy heart, and the snowy fingers flitted to and fro, like fairies in a dance.

But as years passed by, the parents met with misfortunes dire, and they grew sad-eyed and gloomy. And the Sunbeam that dwelt in the heart of their child displeased them. When it danced in her little feet over the floor, they bade her move quietly, that she might not disturb them. When it made her little hands flit over her work like a humming bird over a flower, they chided her for her restlessness. When it rippled over her lips in song or laughter, their ears were pained, and the song or the laughter was silenced.

The Sunbeam bore it very patiently for awhile, and minded not the chiding; but at last it became weary of constant reproof, and pent itself up in the young heart, only stealing quietly forth in a smile, or through the soft blue eyes. But it did not like this kind of life. It had always roamed at will over the

whole earth, and it could not be happy in such close confinement. So, gradually it withdrew itself from the soft eyes, and the rosy cheeks, and lips, and the golden hair, and bidding the young life that had loved it so well, and reveled in its warmth so long, a last embrace, it flitted away, and was soon seeking for another home.

And the Life in the fair child's breast was chilled and dreary. And it sought for a new companion, and met Sadness and welcomed it to its bosom. And Sadness entered the girl's heart and took the position the Sunbeam had left. It looked through her eyes, and every beholder turned to take a second look into their melancholy depths. It passed over her lips and cheeks, and the cheeks grew cold and pale, and the sweet lips white and tremulous. It sighed in her sweet voice, and forever hushed her song. It wrapped itself in a chilling embrace around the child's Life, and it grew weaker and colder day by day, until it resolved to seek the Sunbeam that had deserted it.

One morning the child lay on her little bed wrapped in slumber. And the Sunbeam that had loved her so well crept softly in at the window and lay on her white face and kissed her transparent eyelids, and crept amid her soft ringlets, and twined itself around the little hands that lay upon her bosom. And the feeble Life in the child's breast trembled, and struggled, and escaped from the embrace that had weakened and chilled it, and with a soft sigh at parting from its fair tenement, passed from it and was folded in the embrace of the Sunbeam, and then flitted away to the God that gave it. And the gloomy, sad-eyed parents came, but they could not awaken their child. They had driven the Sunbeam from her Life, and her Life had fled, also. And now they had a cause for sadness. And they sat by the lifeless form and wept tears of agony and remorse, while strangers twined fair flowers around the lovely face, and shut the Sunbeam from the face it loved. But summer after summer the Sunbeam kisses the flowers into life above her breast, and calls the birds there to sing above her; and winter after winter it glances o'er the snow that presses, oh, so lightly! upon her grave. And whenever it glances in at the open door or window of the cot where the fair child dwelt, they welcome it gladly, and softly say—"There is our sweet Sunbeam, and we will not chase it away."

THE LITTLE FOXES.

A SOBER, half-discontented face at the window—a bright face in the street. The window is thrown open, and a smile goes from the bright face to the sober one, giving it a new and pleasanter aspect. Both faces are young—that at the window, youngest; almost childlike. Yet the window-face is the face of a wife, and the street face that of a maiden, “fancy free.”

“How strangely I was deceived, Bella!” said the lady in the street.

“Deceived! How, Mary? What do you mean? But, come in. You’re just the one I wish to see.”

“I was sure I saw you not ten minutes ago, riding out with Harry,” said the young friend, as they met and kissed at the door.

“Oh dear, no! I haven’t been out riding with Harry for a month.”

“Indeed? How’s that? I can remember when you rode out together almost every afternoon.”

“Yes; but that was before our marriage,” replied the young wife, in a voice that made her friend look into her face narrowly.

“The husband has less time for recreation than the lover. He must give more thought to business,” remarked the friend.

The little wife tossed her head and shrugged her shoulders in a doubtful way, saying, as she did so: “I don’t know about the business. But lovers and husbands are different species of the genus *Homo*. The explanation lies somewhere in this direction, I presume.”

“Ah, Bella, Bella! That speech doesn’t come with a musical sound from your lips,” remarked the friend, smiling, yet serious.

“Truth is not always melodious,” said Bella.

“How is it as to sweethearts and wives?” asked the friend. “Do they belong to the same class?”

The question appeared to reach the young wife’s ears with a suggestive force. Her voice was a little changed as she answered—“I don’t know. Perhaps not.”

Then, after a moment, she said—“And you thought it was Harry and I that you saw riding out?”

“I was certain of it. But, it only shows how one may be mistaken.”

The friend had been scanning the young wife for some moments, from head to foot, in a

way that now called out the question—“Do you see anything peculiar about me?”

“Yes,” was answered.

“What?”

“A peculiar untidiness that I never observed in the sweetheart.”

Bella glanced down at her soiled and ruffled dress.

“My *négligé*,” she said, with a little short laugh.

“So I should think! Now, shall I draw your picture?”

“Yes; if you have an artist fancy.”

“Here it is. Hair lustreless and untidy; skin dull for want of action and feeling; a wrapper better conditioned for the washing-tub and ironing-table, than as a garment for the fair person of a young wife; no collar nor ornament of any kind; and a countenance—well, I can’t give that as I saw it a little while ago, at the window; but, I’m sure it wasn’t the face to charm a lover. Perhaps it might suit a husband. But, I have my doubts.”

“Why, Mary. You are in a sportive mood.”

“No; serious. How do you like the picture? Let me compare it with the original. Fairly reproduced, I believe. I hardly think, though, that you were in this trim when Harry fell in love. But it may be all well enough for a husband. I have no experience in this line, and can’t speak by the card.”

Bella felt the reproof of her friend, as was evident by the spots that began to burn on her cheeks.

“You wouldn’t have me dress in party style every day,” she said.

“Oh, no. But I’d have you neat and sweet as a young wife should always be; that is, if she cares for the fond eyes of her husband. I verily believe it *was* Harry I saw riding out a little while ago!”

Bella threw a quick, startled look upon her friend, who, already, half regretted her closing sentence.

“Why did you say that? What did you mean?” she asked.

“I only said it to plague you,” answered the friend.

“To plague me?” There was an expression in Bella’s face that Mary had never seen there before. Her eyes had grown, suddenly, of a darker shade, and were eager and questioning.

Her lips lay closer together; there were lines on her forehead.

"To plague me?" she repeated. "Take care, Mary."

The friend wished, now, that she had not made that suggestion; and yet, since making it, doubt had reached conviction in her mind. She was sure that she had not been mistaken as to Bella's husband; but who was the lady with whom she had seen him riding out? Bella had said, a little while before, that her husband had not driven her out for a month; and yet Mary felt certain that she had seen him riding out with a lady at least three or four times during that period. Should she hide the truth; or trusting to its power for ultimate good, let it appear? There was no time for reflection. She spoke, now, rather from a desire to help her friend into a better state of perception, than from any clear sight in the matter.

"I think," she said, "that having now your husband, you have fallen into the error of thinking that personal attractions are not needed to hold him by your side. Now, it is my opinion that if Harry had found you in your present untidy condition—and you are often in no better plight—in a single instance before marriage, he would have broken off the engagement; and I'm sure, that in a suit for breach of promise, if I had been on the jury, a verdict in his favor would have been rendered."

Bella did not smile at this closing sally, but sat looking into her friend's face in a strange, bewildered, troubled way. The intimation that her husband had been seen riding out with a lady, when it fairly reached her thought, gave her a sharp pain. It had never entered her imagination that he could look, with even a passing sense of admiration, into any face but hers—that his heart could turn from her to another for a single instant of time. She had perceived that he was colder; more indifferent; less careful of her pleasures than in the sunny days of their courtship and betrothment—but, that he could seek another's society, was a thing undreamed of. It was a proverb, this contrast between lovers and husbands; and she had felt that she was proving its truth. That was all. It was an unpleasant truth, and hard to receive; yet she saw no remedy. But now, by a word or two, her friend had startled her into a different view of the case. Was her husband's heart really turning from her! She was frightened at the remote suggestion—for, in his love, lay all her world.

"You are not really in earnest, Mary, about seeing Harry riding out with a lady this after-

noon," she said in a voice and with a look that revealed fully her state of mind. The color had left her face, and her heart shook in her voice.

"I was, probably, mistaken, Bella," replied the friend; "though I had not doubted of the fact a moment, until I saw you at the window a little while ago."

"Did you notice the lady particularly?"

"No; but let the matter pass, dear. No doubt I was mistaken. It is worrying you more than I could have imagined."

Bella looked at her friend for some moments, in a strange way, then giving a low, suppressed, wailing cry, bent forward and laid her face upon her bosom, sobbing and shuddering in such wild turbulence of feeling, that her friend became actually alarmed.

"You have frightened me!" said the young wife, lifting her head at last, as her excitement died away. "Ah, Mary, if I should lose my husband's love, it would kill me!"

"Then, Bella, answered her friend, "see to it, that you neglect none of the means required for keeping it. If you would continue to be loved, you must not grow unlovely. The charms that won your husband must not be folded up, and kept for holiday occasions, and then put on for other eyes than his. You must keep them ever displayed before him; nay, put on new attractions. Is not the husband even dearer than the lover, and his heart better worth the holding? Look back, my dear friend, over the brief moons that have waxed and waned since you were a bride. Put yourself on trial, and take impartial testimony. How has it been? Has your temper been as sweet as when you sat leaning together in the summer twilights, talking of the love-crowned future? Have you been as studious to please as then? as careful of his feelings; as regardful of his tastes? Do you adorn yourself for his eyes now as when you dressed for his coming then? As a wife, are you as lovable as you were when a maiden? Bella! Bella! look to the little foxes that spoil the tender grapes, if you would have love's ripened fruitage. Love is not a chameleon to feed on air, and change in every hue of condition. It must have substantial food. Deprive it of this and it languishes and dies. And now, dear, I have warned you. Meet your husband, when he returns home this evening, looking as sweetly as when he came to you in your father's house, attracted as the bee is to the flower, and note the manner in which his face will lighten up. Did he kiss you when he came home yesterday?"

The face of Bella flushed a little.

"Husbands soon lose taste for kissing," she answered.

"If the wife's lips remain as sweet as the maiden's, never!"

"Oh, you don't know anything about it," said Bella. "Wait until you are married."

After the friend said good afternoon, the young wife went to her room, and cried for a good quarter of an hour. Then she commenced doing as the friend had suggested. Refreshed by a bath, she attired herself in a spotless white wrapper, with a delicate blue belt binding her waist. A small lace collar, scarcely whiter than her pure neck, edged and tied with narrow azure ribbon, was turned away from her swan-like throat; and just below, at the swell of the bosom, was an exquisitely-cut oval pin. Her hair, a rich golden brown, had been made glossy as the wing of a bird, and was folded just enough away from the temples to show their delicate cutting. Two opening rosebuds—red and white—nestled above and in front of one of her pearl-tinted ears. She did look lovely and lovable, as her mirror told her.

Harry was half an hour later than usual in coming home. Bella was sitting in the parlor when he came in, waiting for his return with a new feeling at her heart—a feeling of blending fear and hope; fear lest he was actually becoming estranged from her, and a trembling hope to win him back again. His step was not very light. She noticed that; for her ear had become newly sensitive. He had caught a glimpse of her through the window, and knowing, therefore, that she was in the parlor, came to the door and stood there.

"Bless me!" he exclaimed, after a moment, "how charming you look!"

And he came forward, with a pleased smile on his face, and, taking her hand, bent down and kissed her.

"Sweet as a rose!" he added, holding her away from him, and gazing at her admiringly. How her heart did beat with new delight.

"Dressed for company?"

There was just a little shade of coldness in Harry's voice, as he suggested the probable reason for her singularly improved appearance.

"Yes," replied Bella.

"Who?"

"My husband." There was a tender, heart-flutter in her voice.

Harry was a little puzzled, but greatly pleased. It was true that he had been riding

out that afternoon with a lady; a handsome, attractive woman, who was throwing around his weak, almost boyish spirit a siren's fascination. She put on every charm in her power to summon; while the foolish wife was hiding hers away, and taking no pains to hold dominion in the heart she had won, and was now in danger of losing. Five minutes before, the companion of his ride appeared to his fancy so charming in comparison with his wife, that he felt no pleasure at the thought of meeting one who, since their marriage, had seemed to grow every day less and less attractive. But, now, Bella was his queen of hearts again!

"And you really dressed to receive me, darling?" he said, as he kissed her again, and then drew his arm lovingly about her waist.

"Yes, for you. Could a true wife wish to look lovelier to other's eyes than her husband's?"

"I should think not," he answered.

She understood, in the words, more than he meant to convey.

There was a rose-tint on everything in Bella's home that evening. From the cold, half-indifferent husband, Harry was transformed to the warm, attentive lover. How many times, as she turned her eyes upon him, did she catch a look of tender admiration or loving pride.

"What has made you so charming to-night?" he said, as he kissed her for the tenth time. "You look as pure and sweet as a lily."

"Love for my husband," she answered, and then a tear, in which joy's sunlight made a rainbow, stole out from the drooping lashes, and lay a crystal drop on her cheek.

She made no confession of her thoughtless neglect of the means by which hearts are held in thrall to love; though her husband half guessed at the fact that something had awakened her to the truth.

On the next afternoon Harry rode out with a lady again; but that lady was his wife. He was never afterwards in danger of being won away from faithful love for Bella grew in his eyes more attractive, more charming, more lovable every day. And she thus saved him, in his younger and less stable years, from being drawn aside from the right way; and both herself and him from years of wretchedness.

Don't, fair ladies, neglect these personal attractions because you are married. The charms that won, are just as potent to retain affection. The beginnings of alienation often lie just here; and many a neglected wife has lost her husband's heart because she ceased to

look lovely in his eyes. It isn't in the heart of a man to love a dowdy, careless, fretful, unlovely woman. The husband bargains for something very different from this, and if he

finds himself deceived, will assuredly repent of his bargain! So look to it, young wives, that you lose not, through carelessness or neglect, a single charm.

NORTHERN SEAS.

BY C.

A LATE traveller says, nothing can be more surprising and beautiful than the singular clearness of the water of the Northern seas. We were filled with wonder and admiration. As we passed slowly over the surface, the bottom, which was in general a white sand, was clearly visible, with its minutest objects, when the depth was from twenty to twenty-five fathoms. And during our long journey, nothing appeared to us so extraordinary as the wonders of the deep thus unveiled to our eyes. Surely, we said, "Thy way is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters, and Thy footsteps are not known." Many and various were the forms of living creatures sporting beneath us. "These wait all upon Thee, and Thou givest them their meat in due season." All these were created and continued in life by our Heavenly Father, and nothing can be too insignificant for His care, who numbers the very hairs of our heads.

The surface of the ocean was unruffled by the slightest breeze, and we gazed with wonder and delight on the slowly moving scene below. The different kinds of shells, even the smallest, appeared conspicuous to the eye, and the water seemed in some measure to have the effect of a magnifier, by bringing the objects apparently nearer.

Now we saw, far beneath, the ragged side of a mountain rising toward us, the base of which, perhaps, was hidden some miles in the deep below. Though moving on a level surface, it seemed almost as if we were ascending the height under us; and when we passed over its summit, which rose in appearance to within a few feet of our boat, and came again to the descent, which on this side was suddenly perpendicular as we passed over the last point of it, it seemed almost as if we had thrown ourselves down a precipice; the illusion actually producing a sudden start.

Now we came again to a plain, and passed slowly over the submarine forests and meadows which appeared in the deeps below, all in-

habited, doubtless, by thousands of animals unknown to man, to which they afford food and shelter. We sometimes observed large fishes of a singular shape, and many curious specimens of animal life, gliding softly through the watery thickets, unconscious of what was passing above them.

As we proceeded, the bottom became no longer visible; its fairy scenes gradually faded from the view, and were lost in the dark green depths of the ocean; but we had seen enough to give us an intense desire to see more, and we promised ourselves at some future day, if it were practicable, to obtain another view of those wonderful sights, which had given us such unusual pleasure, and had impressed on our minds more permanently than ever before the love, wisdom and power of that Almighty Being who does all things well, who made and preserves all things in earth, air and sea. Whatever new wonders we may discover, or new pleasure we may derive from further researches, we will endeavor to communicate to others.

CHRISTIAN LIBERTY.—Men may worship God, if they please, in Samaria; or, if they please, they may worship Him in Jerusalem. Only let them each worship Him sincerely, and they may worship Him in the methods which are the most profitable to each.

And we are not to sit in judgment upon other men's modes. If one man prefers the ritual service, it is right for you to say that that is not the method of worship to lead your thoughts to God, and it is right for you to argue against that mode; but, if that man says, "This service is needful to me; it is the mode of worship that best meets the wants of my nature; and I feel myself profited by it," who are you that you should judge him? To his own Master he stands or falls. You are bound to accord to him that liberty of method in worship which you demand that he shall accord to you.

BOY LOST.

[This reverie, which is taken from *The Methodist*, will find an answering echo in thousands of mother's hearts.]

HE had black eyes with long lashes, red cheeks, and hair almost black and almost curly. He wore a crimson plaid jacket, with full trousers buttoned on. Had a habit of whistling, and liked to ask questions. Was accompanied by a small dog. It is a long while now since he disappeared. I have a very pleasant house and much company. My guests say, "Ah! it is pleasant here! Everything has an orderly put away look—nothing about under feet, no dirt!"

But my eyes were aching for the sight of whittlings and cut paper upon the floor; of tumble-down card-houses; of wooden sheep and cattle; of pop-guns, bows and arrows, whips, tops, go-carts, blocks and trumpery. I want to see boats a-rigging and carts a-making, crumbles on the carpet, and paste spilled upon the kitchen table. I want to see the chairs and tables turned wrong way about; I want to see the candy making and corn-popping, and to find jack-knives and fish-hooks among my muslins; yet those things used to fret me once.

They say—"How quiet you are here; ah! one here may settle his brains and be at peace." But my ears are aching for the pattering of little feet; for a hearty shout, a shrill whistle, a gay tra, la, la, for the crack of little whips, for the noise of drums and fifes and tin trumpets; yet those things made me nervous once.

They say—"Ah! you have leisure—nothing to disturb you: what heaps of sewing you must have time for." But I long to be asked for a bit of string or an old newspaper, for a cent to buy slate pencil or peanuts. I want to be coaxed for a piece of cloth for jibs or mainsails, and then to hem the same. I want to be followed by little feet all over the house; teased for a bit of dough for a little cake or to bake a pie in a saucer. Yet those things used to fidget me once.

They say—"Ah! you are not tied at home. How delightful to be always at liberty to go to concerts, lectures and parties; no confinement for you." But I want confinement; I want to listen for the school-bell mornings, to give the last hasty wash and brush, and then to watch, from the window, nimble feet bounding to school. I want frequent rents to mend, and to

replace lost buttons; I want to obliterate mud stains, fruit stains, and paints of all colors. I want to be sitting by a little crib of evenings, when weary feet are at rest, and prattling voices are hushed, that mothers may sing their lullabies, and tell over the oft-repeated stories. They don't know their happiness then—those mothers. I didn't. All these things I called confinement once.

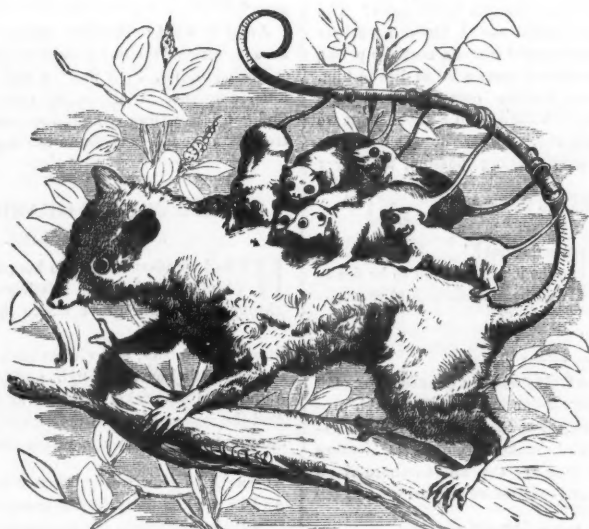
A manly figure stands before me now. He is taller than I, has thick black whiskers, and wears a frock coat, bosomed shirt, and cravat. He has just come from college. He brings Latin and Greek in his countenance, and busts of the old philosophers for the sitting-room. He calls me mother, but I am rather unwilling to own him.

He stoutly declares that he is my boy, and says that he will prove it. He brings me a small pair of trousers with gay stripes at the sides, and asks me if I didn't make them for him when he joined the boy's militia? He says he is the very boy, too, that made the bonfire near the barn, so that we came very near having a fire in earnest. He brings his little boat to show the red stripe on the sail (it was the end of the piece), and the name on the stern—"Lucy Low"—a little girl of our neighborhood, who, because of her long curls and pretty round face, was the chosen favorite of my little boy. Her curls were long since cut off, and she has grown up to be a tall, handsome girl. How the red comes to his face when he shows me the name on the boat.

Oh! I see it all as plain as if it were written in a book. My little boy is lost, and my big boy will be. Oh! I wish he were a little tired boy in a long white night-gown, lying in his crib, with me sitting by, holding his hand in mine, pushing the curls back from his forehead, watching his eyelids droop, and listening to his deep breathing.

If I only had my little boy again, how happy I would be! How much I would bear, and how little I would fret and scold! I can never have him back again, but there are still many mothers who haven't yet lost their little boys. I wonder if they know they are living their very best days; that now is the time really to enjoy their children? I think if I had been more to my little boy, I might now be more to my grown-up boy.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.



A CURIOUS ANIMAL.

"WHAT a funny-looking creature, with a whole lot of little ones tied on to its tail! Just see, papa! Was there ever anything so curious?"

"I guess they're not exactly tied on, Benny. If you'll look closely, you'll see that the ends of the little tails are only curled around the big one."

"Is it their mother, papa?"

"Yes."

"And is that the way she carries her little babies about on her back?"

"Yes, until they are big enough and strong enough to take care of themselves."

"Well, I do declare! It's so funny!"

"Not funny; that isn't the word, Benny."

"Well, curious, then, papa."

"That's better; or remarkable; or even extraordinary, which means unusual or out of the common order of things. We should always try to use the right words in the right places."

"Thank you, papa; I'll try and remember. But what is the name of this curious animal?"

"Its name is Opossum."

"Not the opossum I read about last week? nor the one I saw stuffed at the museum, papa? That had a great pouch in which it carried its little ones."

"No, this is not the large Virginia opossum about which you read; but a little fellow not bigger than a rat, having no pouch to carry its young while they are too small to run about and take

care of themselves. So the mother lets them crawl upon her back and twine their slender tails around hers, and cling with their feet to her soft fur; and thus carrying her family of little ones she climbs the trees and goes about through the woods and fields in search of food for them."

"Isn't it wonderful, papa, that she should know just how to take care of them? And isn't it wonderful, too, that the tiny little ones should have sense enough to get up on her back and curl their tails around hers?"

"Yes, Benny, it is very wonderful. But every animal, even down to the smallest insect, knows, when born, how to take care of itself. Only man is helpless and ignorant. But then animals do not grow wiser as they grow older, while man, from babyhood to the latest days of his life in this world, is continually learning; and if he live in obedience to the laws of his Father in Heaven, will become an angel, and grow wiser and happier for ever."

"I'm glad I wasn't born a 'possum."

"Well you may be, Benny; for animals have no reasoning and immortal souls, and no glorious hereafter. They are born; they live a few months or years; then they die, and that is the last of them. But the years of man are eternal."

Benny drew a long breath and looked very serious. The thought that he would live for ever and for ever made him feel quite sober for a few moments. But, glancing at the picture again, he asked—"In what country does this opossum live?"

"In the warmer parts of North America. The

larger opossum, with the pouch in which it carries about its little ones after they are born, is found in Virginia, Maryland and most of the Southern States, where it is shot or caught in traps and used as food."

"What does playing 'possum mean, papa? The other day Harry Jacobs and I found a curious bug, and when we touched him he curled up like a ball, and there didn't seem a bit of life in him. 'Oho! you're only playing 'possum,' Harry said, and punched him with the end of a stick. But we couldn't make him stir. I guess he was dead."

"No, he was only playing 'possum, as Harry said."

"Only pretending to be dead?"

"Yes."

"Does the opossum do that?"

"Yes. When caught it will pretend to be dead; and though kicked and beaten, show not the smallest sign of life."

"Why, papa?"

"I think Benny might guess."

"Oh, now I see! He wants a chance to get off."

"Yes; and many a one has got off through pretending to be dead. But their trick is well understood, and in order to make sure of them, if there is water near by they are thrown in; there is no pretence after that."—*Children's Hour.*

SPOT.

BY MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.

GRANDMA was very busy, cooking "goodies," as children say. The fire was glowing, sparkling and roaring, making ready the oven for the rich gold-colored pound-cake, and brown pumpkin-pies, (for this was in old times, and grandma was an old-fashioned woman, who thought pumpkin-pies nothing worse but rather better for a dash of molasses, a sprinkle of cinnamon, and a thorough bake.) Her dried-apple sauce stood ready to pour into its crust, the gingerbread was in the oven, when her fertile brain suggested something more, as she found she had a little surplus of eggs and milk. Perhaps a cup-custard for some poor neighbor's sick child, for thoughts of this kind were not very infrequent guests, and though they usually found grandma in her kitchen, they met a better reception than many richly-furnished parlors afford. Whatever it may have been, she said aloud—"I wish I had one more egg."

Spot, a brown and white dog, lifted his head at the sound of her voice, and presently left his corner by the fire, and went out-doors. Grandma kept on with her cookery, thinking nothing about him till a few minutes afterwards he returned with an egg in his mouth.* He walked up to grandma, and laid it down before her. He laid it down a little too hard, however, and broke the shell. But he had tried his best to serve and please.

* A fact.

"That's a good dog, Spot! Get me another egg," said grandma, in a pleasant tone, as she patted his head.

"Bow-wow," answered Spot, wagging his tail, and no doubt meaning—"Yes, ma'am; with pleasure."

Away he went to the barn, and in he came with an egg, which grandma took from his mouth.

Little children, Spot was "a real live dog;" not a made up-one. Will you let your kind mothers find you less willing to help, less loving and attentive, than the old lady found her dog?

THE TRUSTY GUARDIAN.

BY KATE WOODLAND.

HE had wandered far from his parents side,
(A mother's joy, and a father's pride,)
Through the leafy grove where the wild flowers
grew,
Roses, and daisies, and violets blue,
And his little heart beat light and gay,
As he filled his basket with bud and spray,
And the joyous birds, as they flitted free,
Sang not more merry and blithe than he.

At length he grew weary, his feet were sore,
And he sat him down by the mossy shore
Of a little lake where the sunbeams smiled
And the sparkling waters his heart beguiled;
And there, 'neath the shade of a leafy tree,
With the soft wind straying light and free,
Where the sunshine scarce through the shadow
crept

The mother's darling sweetly slept.

But there's danger near; fly, mother, fly;
To the side of thy loved one quickly hie!
For a foe approacheth unseen, unheard,
The leaves are scarce by his movements stirred
As he glides along with stealthy pace,
His gleaming eye on his victim's face;
A moment more and thy child shall be
Dwelling with angels, afar from thee.

But the child is saved; a friend is there;
A faithful friend who is ever near
His little master by night and day,
To guard and protect, 'tis "Old Dog Tray;"
With a fierce, low growl at the foe he springs,
Whose venomous tongue no poison flings,
So swiftly and surely he lays him low,
Then sits with his feet on his fallen foe.

At length the mother missed her child,
And she hurriedly sought him with anguish wild,
'Till she came to the place where the trio lay,
The child, the serpent, and faithful Tray;
One moment she stood with horror bound;
The next, she sank on the mossy ground,
And the grateful tears which the mother shed
Fell thick and fast on the good dog's head.

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

ARE THE CHILDREN AT HOME?

EACH day when the glow of sunset
Fades in the western sky,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
Go tripping lightly by,
I steal away from my husband,
Asleep in his easy-chair,
And watch from the open doorway
Their faces fresh and fair.

Alone in the dear old homestead
That once was full of life,
Ringing with girlish laughter,
Echoing boyish strife,
We two are waiting together;
And oft, as the shadows come,
With tremulous voice he calls me:
"It is night! Are the children home?"

"Yes, love!" I answer him gently,
"They're all home long ago;"
And I sing, in my quivering treble,
A song so soft and low,
Till the old man drops to slumber,
With his head upon his hand,
And I tell to myself the number
Home in a better land.

Home, where never a sorrow
Shall dim their eyes with tears!
Where the smile of God is on them,
Through all the summer years!
I know!—yet my arms are empty,
That fondly folded seven,
And the mother heart within me
Is almost starved for Heaven.

Sometimes, in the dusk of evening,
I only shut my eyes,
And the children are all about me,
A vision from the skies;
The babes whose dimpled fingers
Lost the way to my breast,
And the beautiful ones, the angels,
Passed to the world of the blessed.

With never a cloud upon them,
I see their radiant brows;
My boys that I gave to freedom—
The red sword sealed their vows!
In a tangled Southern forest,
Twin brothers, bold and brave,
They fell; and the flag they died for,
Thank God! floats over their grave.

A breath, and the vision is lifted
Away on wings of light,
And again we two are together,
All alone in the night.
They tell me his mind is failing,
But I smile at idle fears;
He is only back with the children,
In the dear and peaceful years.

And still, as the summer sunset
Fades away in the west,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
Go trooping home to rest,

My husband calls from his corner,
"Say, love! have the children come?"
And I answer, with eyes uplifted,
"Yes, dear! they are all at home!"
Atlantic Monthly.

CHRIST AND THE LITTLE ONES.

"THE Master has come over Jordan,"
Said Hannah, the mother, one day;
"He is healing the people who throng Him
With a touch of His finger, they say.

"And now I shall carry the children—
Little Rachel, and Samuel, and John,
I shall carry the baby, Esther,
For the Lord to look upon."

The father looked at her kindly,
But he shook his head and smiled:
"Now, who but a doting mother
Would think of a thing so wild?

"If the children were tortured by demons,
Or dying of fever, 'twere well,
Or had they the taint of the leper,
Like many in Israel."

"Nay, do not hinder me, Nathan—
I feel such a burden of care;
If I carry it to the Master,
Perhaps I shall leave it there."

"If He lay His hand on the children,
My heart will be lighter, I know,
For a blessing forever and ever
Will follow them as they go."

So over the hills of Judah,
Along by the vine-rows green,
With Esther asleep on her bosom,
And Rachel her brothers between,

'Mong the people who hung on His teaching,
Or waited His touch and His word,
Through the row of proud Pharisees listening,
She pressed to the feet of the Lord.

"Now why shouldst thou hinder the Master,"
Said Peter, "with children like these?
Seest not how from morning till evening
He teacheth and healeth disease?"

Then Christ said, "Forbid not the children—
Permit them to come unto me."
And He took in His arms little Esther,
And Rachel He set on His knee;

And the heavy heart of the mother
Was lifted all earth-care above,
As He laid His hands on the brothers,
And blessed them with tenderest love;

As He said of the babes in His bosom,
"Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven;"
And strength for all duty and trial
That hour to her spirit was given.

LITTLE FEET.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

TWO little feet, so small that both may nestle
In one caressing hand—
Two tender feet upon the untried border
Of Life's mysterious land;

Dimpled and soft, and pink as peach tree blossoms
In April's fragrant days—
How can they walk among the briery tangles
Edging the world's rough ways?

These white-rose feet along the doubtful future
Must bear a woman's load;
Alas! since woman has the heaviest burden,
And walks the hardest road.

Love, for a while, will make the path before them
All dainty smooth and fair—
Will cull away the brambles, letting only
The roses blossom there.

But when the mother's watchful eyes are shrouded
Away from sight of men,
And these dear feet are left without her guiding,
Who shall direct them then?

How will they be allured, betrayed, deluded,
Poor little, untaught feet!—
Into what dreary mazes will they wander,
What dangers will they meet?

Will they go stumbling blindly in the darkness
Of Sorrow's tearful shades,
Or find the upland slopes of Peace and Beauty,
Whose sunlight never fades?

Will they go toiling up Ambition's summit,
The common world above,
Or in some nameless vale securely sheltered,
Walk side by side with Love?

Some feet there be which walk Life's track unwounded,
Which find but pleasant ways;
Some hearts there be to which this life is only
A round of happy days.

But they are few. Far more there are who wander
Without a hope or friend—
Who find their journey full of pains and losses,
And long to reach the end.

How shall it be with her, the tender stranger,
Fair-faced and gentle-eyed,
Before whose unstained feet the world's rude highway,
Stretches so strange and wide?

Ah! who may read the future? For our darling
We crave all blessings sweet—
And pray that He who feeds the crying ravens
Will guide the baby's feet.

The Lady's Friend.

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

BEFORE I trust my fate to thee
Or place my hand in thine;
Before I let thy future give
Color and form to mine;
Before I peril all for thee,
Question thy soul to-night for me,

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel
A shadow of regret;
Is there one link within the past
That holds thy spirit yet?

Or is thy faith as clear and free
As that which I can pledge to thee!

Does there within thy dimmest dreams
A possible future shine,
Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe
Untouched, unshared by mine?
If so, at any pain or cost,
Oh, let me know ere all is lost.

Look deeper still. If thou canst feel,
Within thy inmost soul,
That thou hast kept a portion back
While I have staked the whole,
Let no false pity spare the blow,
But in true mercy tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need
That mine cannot fulfil?
One chord that any other hand
Could better wake or still?
Speak now—lest at some future day
My whole life wither and decay.

Lives there within thy nature hid
The demon-spirit change,
Shedding a passing glory still
On all things new and strange?
It may not be thy fault alone—
But shield my heart against thy own.

Could'st thou withdraw thy hand one day,
And answer to my claim
That fate, and that to-day's mistake,
Not thou had been to blame?
Some smooth their conscience thus; but thou
Oh, surely, thou wilt warn me now!

Nay, answer not—I dare not hear,
The words would come too late,
Yet I would spare thee all remorse,
So comfort thee, my fate:
Whatever on my heart may fall,
Remember I would risk it all.

LEARNING TO WALK.

ONLY beginning the journey,
Many a mile to go;
Little feet, how they patter,
Wandering to and fro.

Trying again, so bravely,
Laughing in baby glee;
Hiding its face in mother's lap,
Proud as a baby can be.

Talking the oddest language
Ever before was heard;
But mother—you'd hardly think so—
Understands every word.

Tottering now, and falling,
Eyes that are going to cry,
Kisses and plenty of love-words,
Willing again to try.

Father of all, oh, guide them,
The pattering little feet,
While they are treading the up-hill road,
Braving the dust and heat.

Aid them when they grow weary,
Keep them in a pathway blest,
And when the journey's ended,
Saviour, oh, give them rest.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

HOME TABLEAUX.

DEAR EDITOR:—I was very much interested last month reading of Cousin Prue's Tableaux, as they reminded me of the many successful efforts I have myself made to entertain the little ones of my own family. Home-made tableaux, such as are there described, are generally more satisfactory to all concerned than those which involve great expense and time for preparation. Costumes prepared from the rubbish of the garret, footlights of candles, cambric curtains drawn on a string making a screen, paper flowers and table-cover drapery, often affords more amusement than the most expensive wardrobes and hangings. There are various little devices of home manufacture, which can be made to do nicely in the place of more costly arrangements, and with a sewing-machine in the house, wonders may be accomplished in this way. One very pretty effect is the disposal of various colored lights to reflect upon the picture. These may be obtained in numerous ways. Wanting a rose-color, not long since, we borrowed a neighbor's red lantern. A glass bottle will sometimes answer a very good purpose. A piece of tin (which may be a bright tin pan) should be placed behind the light for a reflector. To fix a place for the scenes is sometimes difficult, unless one has, like Cousin Prue, two parlors with folding-doors. A bow-window will answer very well for some tableaux. I have been obliged to draw curtains across the end of my sitting-room, by putting a hook in either wall, and running a cord across. This answered very well, and did not deface the wall, as the hooks were small and easily concealed. I wish, sometime, some one would furnish the Home Circle with descriptions of pretty scenes for childrens' tableaux. Doubtless there are many who might do so, and greatly oblige

A MOTHER.

FERNS FOR THE HOUSE.

NOTHING can be prettier than to see a stand of ferns in the parlor or sitting-room through the winter. Their freshness, amid winter snow and desolation, is gratifying to the eye, and the richness of their growth well repays the little care and attention which they demand. Our lady-friends should gather pretty, delicate specimens during the summer, and get them nicely started before cold weather. The best way to keep them through the winter is under a bell-glass. Take a young plant, with one or two delicate sprays.

Find a pan of some kind, which will look presentable in a sitting-room, then get a little peat-soil and silver-sand, and a few crocks or broken clinkers. Put these last in the bottom, not to do their usual work—for there need be no drainage from the pan—but simply to form a sort of receptacle into which the surplus water may fall from direct contact with the roots; plant the specimen in the centre, raising the soil towards that point, and making it a little rough with a few bits of sandstone, &c.; put on the glass, and the thing is done. The result will be one of the most beautiful objects ever seen in garden or in wild. Every tip of the finely divided frond will have its little pearl of dew, and when this ceases to be the case it is time to water again—a labor of once in six months or less. These filmy ferns, that naturally grow in still and very moist places, are, above all others, those most suitable to indoor cultivation, no ventilation, no complication of any kind being necessary.

We shall be glad to receive at any time, from members of the "Home Circle" who are interested in such things, hints as to the cultivation of any parlor plants. No subject of domestic nature can be more interesting or profitable.

THE CHIGNON AGAIN.

SOME months ago we published, in the "Home Circle," a letter from our esteemed but somewhat crusty bachelor relative, concerning the chignon, or waterfall, which, in the last year or two, has undergone so many transformations under skilful feminine fingers. Cousin Jennie sends a reply to his fault-finding epistle, which, though it comes rather late, we insert for his perusal, hoping he may be led thereby to a kindlier spirit towards erring femininity.

DEAR UNCLE GRUMBLER: I really think it is too bad that your doleful last has been so long unanswered. Want of time, my dear sir, has prevented me from "taking my pen in hand," for another attempt at consolation. One's waterfall needs time and attention, you know, and letter-writing often gets neglected.

How could you, my *revered* friend, connect such a tirade against this part of a lady's toilet? Why, sir! isn't it enough to comb, and fix, and tie, and twist, and pin, and so forth, till every hair seems starting from one's head and till you pause from sheer exhaustion, and finally, when evening comes and one can rest from the labors of the day, enjoying a quiet chat with friends in the parlor—oh!

isn't it enough that the ten-year-old brother sings out—"My gracious! just look at Jen's shadow. Aint that a waterfall for you!" without *your* going any farther?

Don't, I beg of you, so increase the miseries of womankind. I assure you that I believe in "woman's right" to arrange her hair as she chooses, "be it ever so homely." Confess, my dear sir, that *you* find no difficulty in remembering the time when the fashions were far more ridiculous than now, even to the hair-dressing.

You surely forget the *sensible* styles of the present, as the stout, high, walking-boots, balmoral skirts, thick cloaks and furs. To be sure, we may find numbers who will still die of "their shoes," but it isn't really fashionable. How about a change in *your* line of clothing? As long as jackets and candle-moulds rule the day with *you*, please keep still about our chignons and hats. Don't you find the ladies sufficiently "interesting," even with these "defects of adornment?" Ah, sir, I fear your case is hopeless, unless you soon repent of the "error of your way," and take some *fine waterfall* under your especial care.

Yours, consolingly,

Cousin JENNIE.

OUT OF DOORS.

WHAT child does not remember the search, in early April, for the first flowers of spring? First, the long, dreary waiting through the stormy month of March; the impatience at rains which, it seemed, never would cease their "drip-dripping evermore;" the high, cold, gusty winds of the old "lion" threatening destruction to all the stout trees of the forest; the dreary, dirty patches of snow still clinging to sheltered nooks in the hill-sides; and then the delight when all was passed, and there succeeded a calm, bright, sunny day, heralding the first of April. Away to the woods, then, over wet leaves, under dripping trees, searching among stones, in warm little crevices, for the delicate blue flowers which, in northern climes, are the first to make their appearance above the ground. Perhaps we did not find any upon the first day of our search; it may be just a dainty blue bud peeped out from its brown calyx enough to promise that the beautiful blossoms would come ere long. It was sufficient. The tender plant was plucked by the stem and borne home in triumph. It was the first flower of spring, and a rare treasure. Who does not remember the exhilaration of such days, when the sunshine of the coming summer seemed to penetrate into every part and fibre of the youthful body—when it seemed as though the bounding heart was far too big for the little frame that held it?

Children are naturally little savages. They love

out-door life. They rejoice in the freedom of air and sunshine. It is meat and drink to them. They would rather play out in the open fields than dine on choicest luxuries and be confined indoors. That child is unhealthy either in body or mind—most likely in both—who would mope in the house instead of frolicking with its mates on the lawn.

It is not right, then, to seek to attract them to the house in pleasant, summer weather. Send them out—provide games for them; the ball, the hoop, the jumping-rope. Give them a basin of soap-suds and pipes, and let them blow bubbles. Our hearts are always with the little ones in their out-door sports. Two or three little games we have found in a late children's book of amusements—some of them new to us, and it may be to our little friends of the "Home Circle."

THE FEATHER DANCE.

A round of merry little ones take a feather; if that is not to be had, a ball of thistle-down, and toss it into the air, keeping it up by their breath. Each child hastens to blow it to her neighbor, lest it should fall on her dress or on the ground at her side, when she would be obliged to pay a forfeit.

They must not blow it too violently, or it will fly so high that it will be difficult to reach; neither must they send it outside the circle, or it will be almost impossible to get it back again. It is great fun for children to keep their light, downy play-fellow afloat upon the summer air. They dance round, of course, very frequently in pursuit of it, but they must not let go each other's hands or break the circle to catch it in its descent.

MELON-SEED BIRDS.

String water-melon seeds in the form of a diamond, thus:—Take five threads and a large needle, tie the threads together at the end in a knot, then pass them through a single seed, then thread two seeds, then three, then four, then five, then four again, then three, then two, then one. Tie the ends together, and leave them *twisted* three or four inches long. Stick a feather at one end for the tail; a little stick or bit of wood for a beak. If you pull the string up and down they look like two birds fighting, and will amuse your baby sister.

TWELVE O'CLOCK AT NIGHT!

One of the playfellows is chosen to be the Fox. She hides in the most shady corner she can find. Another is selected to be Hen. The rest of the children are her Chickens. They form a string behind her, holding each other by the waist. The hen walks thus with them up to the fox's den, and says—

"If you please, Mr. Fox, could you tell me what o'clock it is?"

If he says *one*, or *two* or *three*, &c., she may go away in safety, and return again with the same question; but the moment he says "Twelve o'clock at night," she and her chicks must take flight, for

he intends to seize one of them. A good deal of merry running then begins; the chicken caught is obliged to take the place of fox, and pay a forfeit.

But I must not forget to state that a spot is fixed on, to be called the farm-yard, on reaching which the chickens are safe, and the fox has to return alone to his den, where he must remain till he gets another opportunity of catching a chicken.

The fun of the game is the uncertainty of when the fox will dart out. A good fox delays doing so till the fear of his pursuit begins to grow less, and then, the moment he says "Twelve o'clock at night," he rushes out.

As he says "twelve o'clock" (noon) without intending to seize a chicken, the hen is always in dreadful doubt of which twelve is coming.

RURAL SPILLIKENS.

Collect a number of straws, stand them up so as to meet at the top and spread out like a tent or haystack at the bottom; get two nice little sticks, make a hook at the end of each with a crooked pin, or else find little hooked sticks. Each player takes a hook in turn, and tries to remove a straw without shaking or throwing down any of the others. The one who succeeds in removing a straw, under these difficult conditions, counts one; she who gets most straws wins the game. Sometimes children mark two or three straws, calling them King, Queen or Bishop. The King, safely removed, counts four, the Queen three, and the Bishop two. The straws thus named should be larger than the others, or have a tiny flower stuck in their hollow tube, to distinguish them from the plain spillikens.

FIVE GEESSE IN A FLOCK.

The children sit on the grass, or on a bank or bench in the garden, side by side. One stands as Market Woman opposite the row of players.

She walks along the row and touches each child, beginning wherever she pleases, and saying one word of the following rhyme to each, as she touches her—

"Please—good—farmer—cut—the—corn,
Keep—the—wheat—and—burn—the—thorn,
Shut—your—gate—and—turn—the—lock,
Keep—the—five—geese—in—a—flock."

As soon as she says the word "flock," the one first touched jumps up and runs away. The market woman pursues her. But while she is catching her, the other geese have fled, and she has to catch each player and re-seat her in her place, before the game can begin again. The one first caught becomes in her turn market woman.

Of course the market woman may go backwards and forwards along the line till the rhyme is finished. If the player first touched does not start before the market woman touches her (after she has said the word "flock"), she may not move, and the same market woman begins again; the player who was too slow in running off, paying a forfeit.

TAKE CARE.

A flower-pot is filled with sand or earth; a little stick with a flag is placed in it. Every child playing has to remove a little sand from the pot with a stick, without upsetting the flag, crying at the same time, "Take care!" The one who upsets the flag pays a forfeit.

It becomes an anxious matter when the sand has been removed several times.

QUEEN MAB'S COURT.

The playfellows are to select a Queen: the merriest is generally chosen. They build her a throne, or find her one on a grassy bank; make her a crown of flowers or bulrushes and grasses, and likewise adorn themselves with wild flowers, if any can be obtained.

Queen Mab gives to each of her subjects one of the following names:

Pease-blossom, Puck, Lily-bell, Moonlight,
Cobweb, Dew-drop, Sunshine.

She then gives them several tasks, which are explained to them before they begin to play.

If she desires them to find fern seed, one is to hide carefully, and the others are to find her.

If she bids them play by moonlight, they are to dance.

If she says they are to play at elves, they are to raise one hand and foot as if about to fly.

If she calls for her crown, Dew-drop is to spring up and turn round three times.

If she calls for her nightcap, Sunshine is to do the same.

If she calls for her wand, Moonlight starts up and courtesies.

If she calls for music, Lily-bell is to sing.

If she says she wants her spinning-wheel, Cobweb spins round three times with her arms extended.

If she says she wishes to feed her pigeons, Pease-blossom pretends to scatter seed.

If any fairy forgets her duty when it is named, or does not instantly obey the order, she forfeits something, and has to sit apart till the game is over. Constant mistakes create plenty of laughter and forfeits.

BLIND MAN'S BUFF.

Blind Man's Buff is a good game on a large lawn; but as at all times it is attended with some risk, we advise our little readers to play it in a safer way, thus:

Pointer's Buff.—A little girl is blinded carefully with a handkerchief, and a wand or stick is put into her hand. The rest take hands and dance round her. When she waves her wand they stop; she touches the one nearest to her with it, and says, "Who is this?" The little girl touched answers, in a voice as unlike her own as possible, "It is I." If the blindfolded child guesses rightly by the voice who it is, the two exchange places. The little girl who is caught becomes "blind," and the player in the centre resigns her wand and joins the dancing circle.

THE LEGEND OF SEMIRAMIS.

Semiramis was the daughter of a priest and priestess of Babylon. The mother, Derceto by name, ashamed of her offspring, left it exposed on the barren rocks and threw herself into Lake Ascalon, in Syria, when she became transformed into a fish. The Syrians from that time abstained from eating fish, which animals they henceforward honored as gods. The child was miraculously fed by pigeons; some covered her with their wings, and so kept her warm; others, noting the hours when the herdsmen milked their cattle, watched their opportunity, carried small quantities of milk in their beaks, and drop by drop poured sustenance between the infant's lips. As the child grew and required stronger nourishment, her devoted nurses stole small pieces of cheese, and brought them for her to eat. But these larger peculations were the cause of her being discovered. The loss of milk had escaped the shepherds' observation, but not so the cheese. They remarked the broken rinds, watched for the robbers, tracked the birds to their nests, and eventually found the babe, who was a marvel of beauty and grace, just then about a year old. They brought it to their huts and offered it a gift to the keeper of the royal sheepfold, who, having no family of his own, reared it as his daughter, giving her the name of Semiramis, the meaning of which is not clearly ascertained. Such is the story of this very fabulous origin.

NOBODY thinks in plain language, and hence comes half the error and misconduct in the world. If we could but think in words, how many a shadowy plausibility would fade to nothing—how many a veiled iniquity take shape repulsive and shameful!

TIME is a grateful friend; use it well, and it never fails to make suitable requital.

THE DANDELION.

AS everybody knows this common and indigestible plant—called by the Scotch "hawkweed gowan"—it is not necessary to describe its appearance. It may be said to grow any and everywhere, and at all times. Its small seed, being furnished with a downy appendage, is borne on the wind everywhere. Its flowers mark the school-boy's day; they open at seven in the morning, and shut at five in the afternoon. On its globe of down vorses have been made; and some reader may recollect the picture of one—a marvel of small art—in one of the exhibitions of last year.

We have no need to cultivate the dandelion in our gardens; we would rather be without it—it comes uninvited, invades our lawns and our box borders, sadly to their detriment. Alas! it is so long now since I was a very small boy, that I for-

get the flavor of its root; young appetites are spoiled during the vacations, or I would invite a few boys during this present one for the benefit of my garden; but perhaps the taste is changed, and those juvenile salads, the dandelion and daisy roots, dug up by that wonderful buckhorn-handle knife that was always being lost or broken, or retained by the master because its owner had a wonderful facility and fancy for carving his name and date in low relief on desk and door, no longer finds favor with the luxurious young gentlemen of the present day. If the root, as it is in some parts of Germany, be cultivated as a substitute for coffee, and when prepared is found by the natives of these parts to equal in flavor and relish the famous brown berry itself, I can only say be it so—we prefer Mocha. Beer is made from the leaves of the dandelion, their saccharine matter standing in lieu of malt, and their bitter flavor serving in the absence of hops. In ancient times the leaf found more favor than the root; it was often eaten as salad, and was said to "comfort the weak and feeble stomach," and "it cooleth and refresheth the stomach o'ermuch heated." The leaves were also made into tea, and drank in liver and urinary complaints. The leaf part of the plant blanched is still used as salad; we often use the young green leaves as they are—a few with lettuce: they make a variety, and can but be wholesome.

Lovers of salt meat enjoy them boiled as greens in the spring-time. At the present day dandelion is widely employed in medicine and dietetics, to cure diseases of the digestive organs and liver complaints. The root, washed and pressed, yields about half its weight in juice; it yields most extract when dug up during April and May, and least in November and December; but the juice of the latter month is the richest in quality; in taste also it varies, being bitter during the summer, and sweet in spring and autumn. Pereira (no mean authority) says of the Taraxacum or dandelion, "Its effects are stomachic and tonic, and in large doses aperient; its diuretic operation less constant. Where the digestive organs are very weak and readily disordered, it is apt to produce flatulency, pain, and diarrhoea."

A drink is thus made: Take of the fresh leaves and root together eight ounces, water two quarts; boil to a quart and strain. Dose from half to a wineglassful two or three times a day.

Doubtless dandelion, like anything else that possesses any active qualities, does not suit everybody, and some little judgment should be exercised in its administration, especially when it is to be taken by very delicate people. That particular herb or plant that is to suit everybody in all cases, under all circumstances, we believe is not yet discovered, thanks be to the great Creator of all things. What a monotonous clothing the earth would possess if suit-alls in diet, medicine and general economy were universal. By our four-footed inferiors dandelion is thus estimated: by

hogs and goats it is partaken of with much relish; by sheep and cows it is regarded with distaste, by horses with disgust.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Who is the man who carries everything before him? The footman.
2. Which are the two kings that reign in America? Smo-king and soa-king.
3. When may a man's pocket be empty and yet have something in it? When it has a hole in it.
4. Why is a clock the most modest piece of furniture? Because it covers its face with its hands, and runs down its own works.
5. Why is U the gayest letter in the alphabet? Because it is always in fun.
6. Why are wheat and potatoes like Chinese idols? Because they have ears which can't hear, eyes which cannot see.

7. Which is the merriest sauce? Caper sauce.
8. Why is a cat going up three pairs of stairs like a high hill? Because she's a-mountain!
9. Why is a lead pencil like a perverse child? It never does right (write) of itself.
10. Why is a horse like the letter O? Because Gee (G) makes it go.
11. Why are penmakers inciters to wrongdoing? Because they make people steel (steal) pens, and say they do write (right).
12. Why should we never sleep in a railway carriage? Because the train always runs over sleepers.
13. When is a boat like a heap of snow? When it is a-drift.
14. What 'bus has found room for the greatest number of people? Columbus.
15. Who is the first little boy mentioned by a slang word in the History of England? Chap. I.
16. Why is Macassar oil like a chief of the Fenians? Because it is a head (s)centre.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

BROWN BREAD.—A lady correspondent of the *Watchman and Reflector* gives the following recipe:

Good brown bread can be made with perfect certainty by the following rule:—One pint of corn meal; one pint of rye meal (not flour); one half cup yeast; two-thirds cup molasses; one teaspoon saleratus; one teaspoon salt. Mix with warm water so soft that it immediately settles to a level. Steam five or six hours. Try it.

GOOD RUSK.—Two teaspoons of sugar and not quite a teaspoon of butter beaten together, with two eggs and one pint of sweet milk, and flour sufficient to make a sponge. Add yeast, and set it to rise before going to bed. Next morning make up as bread and let it rise again, then mould into biscuits, and when light bake them. Some cooks put in nutmeg and brandy, and a friend of mine flavors them with grated orange peel, but I prefer them without anything of the kind.

RISE CAKE.—1. Half a pound of ground rice, half a pound of loaf sugar, and four eggs. Beat the eggs separately, and then the whole ingredients together for half an hour, and bake in a mould. 2. Half a pound of ground rice, sifted through a fine muslin; six ounces of loaf sugar finely pounded, four eggs, the grated rind of one lemon; put these ingredients into a large basin, and well whip it for twenty minutes; then put it in a mould, and bake in a quick oven. 3. Half a pound of ground rice, half a pound of the finest flour, and half a pound of loaf sugar (pounded), seven eggs, a quarter of a pound of butter, and the rind of a lemon, grated. Beat the eggs well first, then mix in the other

ingredients, and beat them together for three-quarters of an hour. Put into a buttered mould, and bake for three-quarters of an hour in a quick oven.

COCOANUT CAKES.—Grate the nut (scraping off the rind) very fine, and add half its weight in finely powdered sugar; mix them well together with white of egg, and drop on wafer paper in small rough knobs about the size of a walnut, and bake in a slack oven.

BREAD PUDDING.—An economical bread pudding for the kitchen may be made in the following way: soak the pieces of bread-crust and toast in a bowl of boiling water, and when they are perfectly soft press as much of the water out as possible, put in a small piece of beef dripping or butter, a little grated lemon-peel and sugar to taste, one egg, and beat the whole up with a spoon till quite smooth. Put it in a dish and bake it.

JELLY FROM GELATINE.—For a quart of jelly dissolve an ounce of the gelatine in half a pint of cold water, then pour on it a pint of boiling water, stir it till the gelatine be completely dissolved, and add lemon-peel and sugar to taste. When quite cold, whisk up the whites of two eggs and three or four shells; put the whole into a stewpan, and set it on a gentle fire to boil up (be sure not to stir it); as soon as it does so, remove it immediately from the fire gently, put in two tablespoonfuls of cold water, and allow it to stand for five or ten minutes before passing it through the jelly-bag. If not clear enough the first time, this must be

repeated. When perfectly clear, add half a pint of wine, and let it stand till nearly cold before pouring it into the mould.

COCOANUT CHEESE-CAKES.—Grate the cocoanut according to the quantity you wish to make (on a fine grater), weigh it, and add the same quantity of butter, with two ounces of loaf sugar, and the yolk of an egg to every ounce of the cocoanut; a large wineglassful of brandy, the same quantity of rosewater, and half a nutmeg. Line your pans with a rich puff paste, fill them, grate a little sugar on the top of them, and bake in a quick oven.

CLEAR GRAVY SOUP.—Lay at the bottom of the stewpan half a pound of lean ham sliced, then three pounds of lean beef, and over it three pounds of veal, all in slices. If any bones be left, break them and lay them on the meat; peel four onions, slice two carrots, two turnips, and a head of celery, and with a bunch of sweet herbs, four cloves, and a blade of mace, add all to the meat, over which pour one quart only of water, and place the stewpan covered over a slow fire till the meat is brown; then turn it, but be careful it does not scorch. Then add three quarts of boiling water; let it stew gently for an hour till you have carefully removed all the scum that rises; after which, place the stewpan at the side of the fire, now adding two teaspoonfuls of salt. Let it simmer for four hours; strain it through a tamis into an earthenware vessel, and set it by to cool. Then carefully remove the fat; and when poured off to heat, do not disturb the sediment. The soup should be perfectly clear, and of an amber color; and will look better without any addition of vegetables.

APPLE CREAM.—Boil twelve apples in water till soft, take off the peel, and press the pulp through a hair sieve upon half a pound of pounded sugar; whip the whites of two eggs, add them to the apples, and beat all together till it becomes very stiff and looks quite white. Serve it heaped up on a dish.

ORANGE PUDDING.—Grate the peel of three oranges into a pint of good milk, with three ounces of sugar and the crumb of a twopenny loaf, and the yolks of four eggs; let it just boil, steam it through a cloth, add the juice of four oranges, and bake it half an hour.

CORN-STARCH CAKE.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, the whites of six eggs, two cups of flour, and one of corn-starch, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half teaspoonful of soda. Flavor with lemon.

CANARY PUDDING.—The weight of three eggs in butter and sugar, the weight of two in flour,

three eggs; spice to taste; melt the butter beat the eggs, and mix all the ingredients up together; boil in a well-buttered mould for two hours. Serve with sweet sauce.

OLD GARMENTS.—Never throw any article of dress aside, that is considered worn out, without examining it to see if some portion of it may not be used again. Backs of vests will often outlast two new fronts; and the padding and stiffening will do to go in a number of times—as, also, those of coats. Pockets, sometimes, will do to use again, after they are washed and ironed. Facings and sleeve linings can be cut over and ironed—if necessary, washed—to be used in repairs. Generally, a number of buttons may be saved for future use. And of the outside material, if an overcoat, a sack or a jacket may be cut; if a frock coat, perhaps a boy's vest, or small sack; if pants, a vest for a man. This should be all carefully ripped, the stitches and the lint that collects in the seams removed, the cloth brushed and sponged; if it is greatly faded, pressed on the right side, and when next used made up wrong side out; if not, still keep the same side out. In a large family this second hand stock is very valuable; and if not wanted for your own use, there are always calls enough for it in the way of charity.

REPAIRING MEN'S CLOTHES.—A man's clothes may be made to last double their time by careful repairing. When coat, vest or trousers looks wrinkled and out of proper shape; elbows, and shoulders, and knees of black or blue cloth threadbare and *whitish*; buttons off, loose or bursting their coverings; button-holes stretched or broken; sleeve linings out at the cuff, or worn away from the arm-size, and seams and edges frayed—a bad case, with such a complication of disorders, but, nevertheless, such as is frequently met with in the best of families—you must give it a good day's work. Brush it thoroughly, in the first place. Put on buttons where needed, and strengthen those that remain, in the next. Pare delicately the edge of worn button-holes, pick out all the stitches, and make them as if new. Put in new sleeve linings, or mend with new around the arm-size. Make everything firm, and strong, and neat about the pockets. Line all thin places; knees and elbows with pieces wide enough to be attached to each side seam, and cross-stitch the other two ends to the main cloth by needle and silk so fine that no print of the stitches shall be seen on the outside. If elbows and knees are stretched into a swelling shape, after all sewing is done lay a damp cloth upon them, fold them up, and let them remain thus an hour. Then lay them on a table, smooth them with the palm of the hand, pull them gently all ways. Continue this till the swelling is reduced—elbows and knees straight and flat. Then press the whole garment on the wrong side, finishing those places first.

TOILET AND WORK-TABLE.

FASHIONS.

To strain the back hair one inch nearer the nose would seem to be impossible. It certainly is the "crowning glory" of woman in this day. Rolls, twists, waterfalls, curls, all depend from the very summit of the cranium. It is not graceful, and in nine cases out of ten not becoming, but it's "the fashion." It raged among our grandmothers. It is no less a "furö" among their descendants.

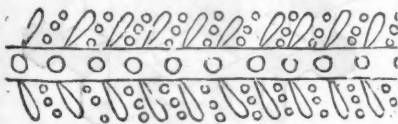
A recent letter-writer, descanting upon Parisian fashions, says :

"The young ladies seem to dress their hair higher at the back than ever, and the long tail of hair worn on one side *crêpe* half-way down, and curled just at the tips—a bizarre and somewhat untidy fashion—gains favor every day. The greatest novelty I have seen, though in the way of dress, was a short gown. It consisted of a kind of under-petticoat, and tunic. The under-petticoat, which was made on longitudinal puffings of white tulle or white silk, was quite short, but over it was a tunic of white silk, which, at the back, floated gracefully below the petticoat. It was vandyked round the edge, and like the body, which had a good deal of puffed tulle about it, was trimmed with garlands of white flowers and green leaves; but the most curious part of this novel toilette was the way in which the upper skirt could be caught up, not ungracefully, on one button at the back of the waist, so as to be out of the way of the wearer when dancing."

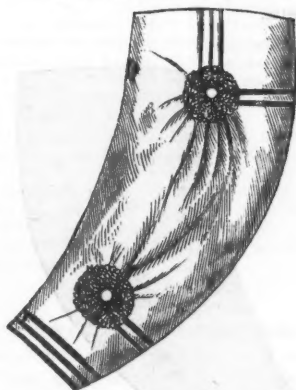
There has been a great deal of talk about full skirts and large hoops this spring—which is a change most devoutly *not* to be wished. Gored skirts are economical and graceful. Small hoops are convenient and modest. We shall be sorry to see them "going out."

Bonnets promise no radical change this spring, as yet. The styles are hardly in, however. All sorts of mantles are in vogue. Nothing in this line seems to be amiss, though the *sacques* with sash-ends at the back are decidedly the most graceful and becoming. Dresses "*en suite*" will be fashionable again this season. They are too pretty to be thrown aside.

INSERTION.



NEW STYLE SLEEVES.



A good style for *toffetas* or fine alpaca. Cut in two pieces, the under side quite plain and the upper considerably broader than the under from the top to the two rows of trimming above the cuff; the latter corresponds in size to the opposite side; the wider portion is seamed on plain under the trimming, and the remaining fulness folded in three plaits under the rosette. Three plaits are laid across the top, where the sleeve is set in and held down by a rosette. Silk or satin folds three deep form a cuff; the rosettes must be of the same, also the two folds extending from each rosette to the outer seam.

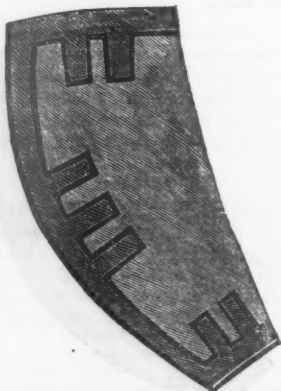


Quite pretty for silk or poplin; it is composed of a wide, full piece, seamed upon the inside of the arm, and gathered into the armhole and wrist-band; the opening is formed by a straight cut in

the material; a puffed undersleeve sufficiently separates the edges to produce a pretty effect; the edges are bound with satin and finished with lace, sewn on almost plain; a satin piping is placed half an inch distant, and forms a heading to a row of lace turned in the opposite direction; the wrist-band is similarly trimmed, and ornamented with a lace rosette.



This is cut in one piece, or two, if preferred, and rounded over the elbow. It is neat and pretty for checked silks or worsted materials, and trimmed with satin cross-cuts—three encircling the wrist, and a series of short bands ascending at regular distances, fastened at the ends with small buttons. The folds should be about three-fourths of an inch wide.



Appropriate for mohair lustre, light poplins, and alpaca. It is cut in one piece and joined upon the elbow; the under side is not trimmed. The decoration consists of silk, cut straight or bias, laid flat upon the shape, and outlined with narrow gimp or velvet.

BOY'S BLOUSE.



(Front view.)



(Back view.)

This is made of cloth or poplin, bound and trimmed with velvet and velvet buttons. The front, which passes under the lap, is not cut away, but continued straight to the bottom, to form a foundation for the lap to rest upon.

PATCH-WORK.



EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

VICIOUS CHILDREN.

WE cut the following brief article from the New York *Advocate and Guardian*, where it appeared some months ago. The revelation of youthful crime and depravity it makes is sad and appalling. Deeply responsible—yea, criminally responsible—are our municipal lawmakers and officers of the law, who permit such evils to exist for a single month. Under police surveillance, every child exposed through parental neglect or poverty to vicious influence may become known; and civil responsibility, to say nothing of Christian duty, demands their immediate removal to places of safety:—

"The police reports of the 14th inst., mention the arrest of two companies of children—one hundred and five in all—in the vicinity of Baxter street. The ages of these boys were said to range from nine to thirteen years, and many of them were known to the officers as professional thieves and pick-pockets, the whole presenting a group of filthy, ragged, foul-mouthed urchins, most pitiful to contemplate.

"One of the spacious rooms where sixty-three of these boys were found, was said to contain all the appliances of a flourishing gambling establishment, filled with the fumes of bad liquor and cigars, and about its tables were clustered the juvenile gamblers, in all stages of intoxication—a babel, which pandemonium itself might try in vain to rival."

"Surely each of these poor children in early infancy was innocent—sad to think that the training of a few brief years, has thus fitted them to be companions of demons. Sad to think that in a Christian city, within sound of the bells of scores of Christian Churches, little children should be thus neglected, morally wrecked and ruined.

"True, they are not perhaps wholly beyond reclamation. But the moral scars are all the deeper for being made thus early. Who would not rather save the infant, than reform the boy? The law is strong to punish. Why should it not be equally strong to prevent? Why should not its tender mercies reach the little child, born only to a heritage of crime and shame, place around him saving influences, proper shelter, food, clothing, care, instruction, and a substitute of some sort for maternal love and fidelity? Surely the cost to society would be less in the aggregate, the good to the child unspeakably greater.

"We have seen in prison cells, little girls and boys who have said to us, 'I was taught to steal and tell lies, as soon as I could speak.' Why should not a parent, guilty of such teachings, forfeit the parental claim, and be deprived the legal right to inflict such evil upon the helpless—such wrong irreparable upon community?

"These hundred children arrested on Saturday night, represent a large class being thus trained in this city daily and nightly, to become the future violators of all laws, human and divine. They are even now nothing more nor less than what criminals of the vilest grade are made of. For

these and such as these, the Tombs, Penitentiary, and States Prisons, must at large expense be kept in constant operation. For these and such as these, innocent blood must flow, the quiet of peaceful homes be often invaded at the midnight hour, property and life rendered insecure, while a surging moral flood-tide of deep, dark waters is sent forth to deluge the land with sorrow. If wisdom suggests the expediency of staying the threatened conflagration while the sparks are kindling, averting the dreaded pestilence by means known to be available, how much more earnestly does she urge upon the philanthropist and the Christian the importance of moral culture for the child ere sin has so marred and blackened all the soul, as to make reformation almost hopeless."

WHITTIER AND HIS SISTER.

"One of the noblest and wisest of American poets," says Alger, in his "Friendships of Women"—"the pure, brave, and devout Whittier—had a sister who was to him very much what Dorothy was to Wordsworth. Several of her poems are printed with his. They always lived together, rambled together, had a large share of their whole consciousness together. After her death, sitting alone in his wintry cottage, he said to a friend who was visiting him, that, since she was gone, to whose faithful taste and judgment he had been wont to submit all he wrote, he could hardly tell of a new production whether it were good or poor. He also said, that the sad measure of his love for her was the vacancy which her departure had left. He has paid her in his 'Snow Bound' a tribute which will draw readers as long as loving hearts are left in his land."

Every reader of that exquisite poem will remember the passage beginning—

"As one who held herself apart,
Of all she saw, and let her heart
Against the household bosom lean,
Upon the motley-braided mat
Our youngest and our dearest sat,
Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes
Now bathed within the fadeless green
And holy peace of Paradise.
Oh, looking from some holy hill,
Or from the shade of saintly palms,
Or silver reach of river calms,
Do those large eyes behold me still?
With me one little year ago:—
The chill weight of the winter snow
For months upon her grave has lain."

WE see it stated that four-fifths of the children in a well conducted asylum for idiots, are the offspring of parents one or both of whom indulged in liquor-drinking.

A SAD STATEMENT.

It is officially stated that, "up to December 31st of the past year, the applications for admission to the Reformatory Inebriate Asylum of the State of New York, at Binghamton, already approaches very near five thousand names, from all circles of society, and some from foreign lands. Nearly two thousand of these are women from the upper classes, who, by their position, refinement and culture, reached superior social distinction. And yet all these, by their very application, confess that they find themselves victims to an appetite which they are powerless to resist; confessing that without assistance they are assured they will sink remedilessly into degradation and a premature grave."

TENNYSON.

Mr. Tennyson is writing a series of twelve poems for "Good Words," an English sixpenny magazine, and for which report says he is to receive two thousand guineas. Here is one of these poems.

1865-66.

I stood on a tower in the wet,
And New Year and Old Year met,
And winds were roaring and blowing;
And I said: O years, that meet in tears,
Have ye aught that is worth the knowing!
Science enough and exploring,
Wanderers coming and going,
Matter enough for deploring;
But aught that is worth the knowing?
Seas at my feet were flowing,
Waves on the shingle pouring,
New Year roaring and blowing,
And Old Year blowing and roaring!

If the publishers and readers of "Good Words" are satisfied with stuff like this, and call it good poetry, they will have to be humored in their whim.

A SUCCESSFUL ENTERPRISE.—The Great American Tea Company commenced business in 1860, in this city. They now occupy six large stores and employ about two hundred and fifty persons, their sales of Tea and Coffee amounting to ninety thousand dollars per week. Their success shows what ability and enterprise will accomplish. It is simple enough. Their sales being large, they are, of course, in a position to sell their goods for a smaller profit on each pound. In their advertisement in *The Tribune*, from time to time, they fully explain their system of doing business, and from the many letters received from all parts of the country, we judge that their customers are well satisfied.—*New York Tribune*.

T. B. Peterson & Brothers of this city publish *Little Dorritt*, by Dickens, at 35 cents, complete. They have just commenced the publication of Sir Walter Scott's Novels at 25 cents each. The first issue, "Waverley," contains a portrait on steel of the author.

THE DANGERS OF BENZINE.

The *Boston Journal of Chemistry* cautions its lady readers against bringing the liquid called benzine, which they use so freely for removing grease and stains from clothing, into proximity with any sort of flame.

"A very small quantity is capable of doing irreparable mischief. The contents of a four-ounce phial, if overturned and vaporized, would render the air of a moderate sized room explosive; or, if ignited, a whole family might be seriously burned, or lose their lives from it. It should never be used in the vicinity of flame; and it is important to remember, that through the medium of the escaping vapor, when the phial is uncorked, flame will leap to it through a space of several feet. Benzine is often sold under various fanciful names; and, therefore, any article procured from druggists for removing oil or grease from fabrics, should be handled with the utmost care."

The *Newburgh, N. Y. Times* says of "THE UNSTEADY HAND," in February number of *The Home Magazine*:—"This story exhibits, in a narrative of deep and painful interest, the evil of moderate drinking. No one can read it without a profound impression of the social wrong involved in the custom."

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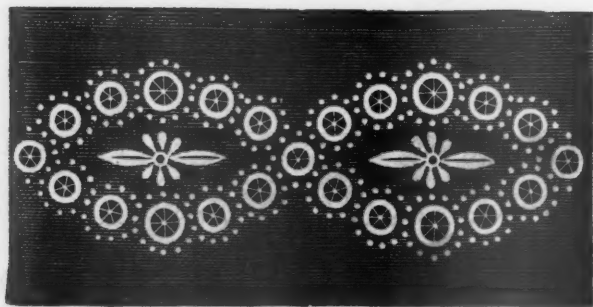


HUMBLE FRIENDS.



VIOLETS.

(255)



INSERTION (WHITE EMBROIDERY).

This insertion is intended for trimming either a child's white frock, under-linen or dressing jacket. It may be worked on either stout cambric, muslin or long cloth; and the stitches used are satin, button-hole, French knots, and open wheels. The muslin is cut away from under the oval wheels.



MORNING ROBE

Of gray poplin, trimmed with leaves of cherry-colored silk. It is gored loosely, and caught to the figure by a belt of cherry leaves. If it is desirable to have a plainer dress, the leaves may be of gray silk, bound with cherry or blue.



Pearl-colored *barège* or grenadine, ornamented with flat bands of magenta silk, edged with narrow French lace, black and white, or all black; gored skirt, encircled with two bands; tunic scalloped and bound; six gores are described across the front by trimming, extending from the belt to the bottom; short lappets between the scallops around the sides and back, and attached to the belt behind; a bodice simulated upon the waist. This style is appropriate for gray silk with the same trimming.



CLOAK.—(Front and back view.)

Gray cloth, suitable for spring wear. The front has a lappet or sash falling over the hip. Small scalloped side-shape and pointed back. This garment is elaborately trimmed with black silk galoon and bullion fringe. Bismarck or purple cloth or black silk are elegant ornamented in the same way.



NAME FOR MARKING.

Music selected by J. A. GETZE.

"ALL ALONG THE VALLEY." SONG.

Words by ALFRED TENNYSON.

Music by CLARIBEL.

ANDANTE.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady bass line of eighth notes. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C).

The first system of the song includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "All a-long the val-ley, Stream that flashest white, Deep-en-ing thy voice With the". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern as the introduction.

The second system of the song includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "deep'ning of the night.... All a-long the val-ley, Where thy wa-ters flow.... I". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

The third system of the song includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics "walked with one I lov'd, Two and thir-ty years a-go, All a-long the val-ley." The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

While I walk'd to-day, The two and thir - ty years Were a mist that rolls a - way,.... For

'all a - long the val - ley, Down thy rocky bed, Thy liv - ing voice to me was as the

voice of the dead. And all a - long the val - ley, By rock and cave and tree, The

voice of the dead Was a liv - ing voice to me.....



LATEST STYLES OF CHILDREN'S SUITS.

- No. 1.—Fawn-colored mohair suit bound with black alpaca braid.
- No. 2.—Dress of green all wool delaine, trimmed with folds of black silk and gilt cord.
- No. 3.—Pink silk with slim trimmings.
- No. 4.—Light gray poplin, silk bands and fringe trimming.
- No. 5.—Blue poplin with Bismarck satin galoon.
- No. 6.—Cream-colored cashmere dress, skirt trimmed with two pinked out ruffles.
- No. 7.—Pink dress, skirt trimmed with two and one-half yards of cashmere.
- No. 8.—Pink dress, skirt trimmed with two and one-half yards of cashmere.
- No. 9.—Pink dress, skirt trimmed with two and one-half yards of cashmere.
- No. 10.—Pink dress, skirt trimmed with two and one-half yards of cashmere.